

The Massillon Independent.

MASSILLON, OHIO, MARCH 28, 1895

XXXIII—NO. 5

WHOLE NO 1767

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, No. 5, Commissioner, Commissioner of the Public Office second floor over the People's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Dealer in promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio Jos. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

Z. T. BALTZLY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

D. R. W. H. KILKLAND, Homoeopathic Practice, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTURERS.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable and Stationary Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacture bottles, flasks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., Manufacture of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832 Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce, Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, 55 East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Is a certain cure for Ocular Sores, Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nipples, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS. For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Cady's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disorders and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by Morgenthau & Heister druggists.

Notice of Appointment. The undersigned has been duly appointed administrator with will annexed of the estate of Ephraim Royer, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 7th day of February 1895. ALBERT S. KITTINGER, Adm'r with will annexed.

B. & B.

EVERY STEP

Of the way through this great store brings you upon some great value, from Silks, Crepons, Dress Goods and Suitings

of every description to the smallest necessity of toilette or house adornment. Small profit marks every article.

Samples of the following will give an idea of values in

Dress Goods and Suitings, Assorted American Suitings, 35 to 39 inches wide, 25 and 35 Cents.

Black and Navy Blue Serges, medium wide, very finish, 50 in. wide, 50 Cents.

All-wool imported Black Henrietta, 45 inches wide, 35 Cents.

Finer qualities, Black Henrietta, 45 inches wide, 40 and 50 cents.

20 cases New Imported 1895 Dress Goods and Suitings style and worth beyond all precedent at prices, 50c, 65c, 75c, to \$1.25.

Every department is teeming with bright, fresh, new Spring goods—medium to finest Wash Fabrics, 5c to 65c, the price range.

SILKS—50c, 65c, 75c to \$3.50, include newest in Taffeta, Staple and Novelty Weaves in every desirable and artistic shade and color combination. The finest specimen of the best manufacturers' both foreign and American.

Spring Jackets, Capes and Millinery, etc., in all the artistic beauty and jaunty of 1895 Spring Style.

A Mail Order Department equipped to fill your slightest order with precision and dispatch.

Will you come, or write us?

BOGGS & BUEL,

115, 117 and 119 Federal St., ALLEGHENY, PA.

MANITOBA MAY REVOLT

Dominion's School Message Read in the Legislature.

IT IS LIKELY TO BE DISOBEYED.

The Greenway Government Contents that the Present Law is Satisfactory—The Catholics Claim to Ignore the Order Will Be Open Rebellion Against the Queen.

WINNIPEG, March 27.—The first step in the renewed fight over parochial schools in Manitoba began in the legislature when the fall message was presented from the Dominion government at Ottawa, ordering the Manitoba legislature to give the Catholics their rights, as they existed before the abolition of parochial schools in 1890.

The reading of the Ottawa message occupied over an hour and, all verbiage removed, it amounts to the request as above stated. Mr. Martin, a French Catholic member of the legislature, urged that the government should take immediate action, but Premier Greenway protested, saying that the message should be printed in order that all members might know what they were dealing with. Here the matter rested and the discussion will now probably not take place till tomorrow.

Meanwhile the situation grows more complicated. The Catholics and their friends say that Greenway and his followers, are rejecting the order from Ottawa, are rejecting a document ordered and signed by her majesty, the queen, and such act would be equivalent to open rebellion. They say they cannot conceive how the Dominion government could do otherwise than make the formal request they have made, as they were bound, so far as lay in their power, to take immediate action upon the decision of the highest court, and see that the grievances of her majesty's subjects of the Roman Catholic faith in Manitoba received redress at the earliest possible moment.

The Greenway government contends, on the other hand, that the present school law is satisfactory to many Catholics if it were not for the agitation by the priests of the church. They say that if Manitoba is coerced into recreating a dual system, dualism, both in language and education, will be extended to the territories as well, and thus there would be perpetuated in the west the evils which have caused dissatisfaction and stagnation in the province. Among the members on the government side, it seems to be a matter of opinion that the remedial order will be disposed of during the coming week and without any great amount of speaking. Premier Greenway, when speaking on the matter, said the length of the discussion would depend upon the amount individual members wanted to talk. Premier Greenway denies that he will compromise the matter by introducing a bill making the schools entirely secular.

FIRE IN A CHICAGO STORE.

Several People Injured In Making Their Escape.

CHICAGO, March 27.—A fire which broke out in the basement of the Belle Clothing house, on the corner of State and Quincy streets, destroyed the entire contents of the establishment above the second floor and left only the walls of the buildings from that floor to the roof standing. It occurred at the busiest part of the day, with the store crowded with customers and employees, and the flames running through the building like a train of powder, filling every nook and corner with foul dense smoke, it was remarkable that no lives were lost.

From the building the following persons were injured: C. H. Smith, leg broken in jumping from the second floor window; an Italian, about the body; Dick Barnes, eleven or twelve, slightly burned about the face; Grace Mettels, a clerk, bruised by a fall and carried from the building; Helen Caesar, clerk in store adjoining the burning building, overcome by smoke.

Samuel Cowan, a salesman, and John Diehl, the engineer, had narrow escapes from death. The loss on the building was \$10,000 and on stock \$150,000. The building was insured for \$300,000 and the stock for \$50,000.

A New Torpedo Boat Ordered.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—A contract has been signed by Secretary Herbert with the John P. Holland Torpedo Boat company for the construction of a submarine torpedo boat for the use of the navy. The contract, which may mark a radical departure in naval construction, was signed only after a thorough consideration extending through a period of nearly two years, of the subject of submarine boats and after various plans for such craft had been examined.

Townsend's Successor To Be Named.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Among the appointments which the president is expected to make very soon, is that of a superintendent of the United States mint at Philadelphia, in place of Mr. Townsend, whose resignation is believed to be now in the hands of the president. The indications now are that the appointment will be given to a citizen of Reading, Pa., now holding a prominent position in the treasury department.

English Steamer Fired On.

New York, March 27.—A special from Havana says La Discusion of Havana, says that at Santiago de Cuba an English steamer, the Lorentia, has been fired on by Spanish coast guard for failure to heave to when ordered, but no official report has yet been made regarding the affair.

Warships Ordered to Formosa.

LONDON, March 27.—A dispatch from Hongkong to The Times, published today, says that the British warships Spartan and Redbreast have been ordered to proceed to Formosa immediately.

RIGHT

The New South Carolina Governor Violating the Dispensary Law.

CINCINNATI, March 27.—In proof of the assertion that has been made by the administration of the state dispensary law of South Carolina, since the advent of the new governor and commissioner, has been modified, one of the leading wholesale dealers of this city states that Commissioner Mixs has placed an order with him for a large quantity of high-grade liquors to be bottled and to bear the original label.

Heretofore the method has been to label all liquors to one brand, that of the state of South Carolina. This is the first time that special labels have been allowed, and while it is apparently in conflict with the law of the state, it shows that the new administration is disposed to soften the rigors of the law and at the same time increase the revenue of the state dispensary.

Burned by Gasoline.

LINCOLN, O., March 27.—While Mrs. M. Davis was lighting her gasoline stove she allowed the cup to get too full and drip into the pan underneath, which caught fire and spread, and in attempting to extinguish it she was badly upset the stove, and immediately became one mass of flames. Her hair was singed off and her face blistered; her left hand was burned to a crisp. The entire inside of the house, which was owned by John Barone, was burned out. Loss about \$400; insured in the Phoenix.

Fined For a Peculiar Offense.

CINCINNATI, March 27.—The United States government has enforced through the United States court the penalty for opening another's letters in a peculiar case. John Struttmeier, an employee of the paper mill which buys the waste paper of the Cincinnati postoffice, found a few letters among the waste directed to parties in Chillicothe, O. Struttmeier found a check for \$50 in one of them and then wrote to the Chillicothe postmaster requiring a reward for returning the letters. He made a plea of guilty and was fined \$25.

Interstate Baseball Association.

MANSHIELD, O., March 27.—At a meeting of the Interstate Baseball association, in this city, Howard M. Ziegler of Columbus was elected president. Following is the circuit: Mansfield, Springfield, Dayton, Urbansville, Denison, Columbus, Wheeling, Stenboville, Canton and Akron. A constitution and bylaws were adopted and a schedule was prepared. The season begins May 1, with 112 games to be played.

Robbed For a Third Time.

AMELIA, O., March 27.—For the third time within a year the station of the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth railway has been broken into. In the station is located the office of the Clover Packing company. The safe was blown across the room, completely gutting it and bursting off the doors. An adjoining blacksmith shop was damaged by the explosion. Nothing valuable was secured.

Cured by Anti-Toxine.

UPPER SANDUSKY, O., March 27.—Another successful anti-toxine test has been made here. Frank McDonald, a colored hostler, was seized with diphtheria and surely would have died but for two injections of the anti-toxine. His temperature was 104 and began falling within ten hours. Dr. Stutz pronounces it the most remarkable cure in his experience.

A Big Revival Meeting.

BLANCHESBORO, O., March 27.—The religious revival began here by Rev. M. E. Mearns at the M. E. church eight weeks ago has assumed great proportions. A special train was run from Toledo and brought a big crowd of the converts. A number of converts were made, swelling the total to 200.

An Ohio Man Pardoned.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The president has pardoned W. G. Hera, sentenced in southern Ohio to three years' imprisonment at hard labor for making counterfeit plates. His term expired last July, and the pardon is granted to restore citizenship.

The Elks' Case.

CLEVELAND, March 27.—In the Elks' case Hon. M. A. Foran of this city made the opening argument for the plaintiff and was followed by R. B. Murray and A. J. Wolf of Youngstown for the defense. The case will probably go to the jury today.

Dime and Lavigne Matched.

CLEVELAND, March 27.—Arrangements have been completed for a 15-round match between Dime and Lavigne, the lightweight boxing champions. The contest will take place next Friday evening at the club house of the Cleveland Athletic association.

Ashley Not a Candidate.

TOLEDO, March 27.—James M. Ashley, Jr., the Ann Arbor railway magnate, whom the recent press dispatches announced as a candidate to succeed Senator Calvin S. Brice, pronounces the report a canard.

Indicted For Mail Robbery.

CINCINNATI, March 27.—William I. Thomas, postmaster at Jacksonboro, Butler county, O., has been indicted for robbing the mails. His trial was set for tomorrow.

Bixby's Trial Postponed.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 27.—The case against Clara A. Bixby for the murder of Catherine Ginz has been called in the district court and reset for May 14, both sides consenting.

Bahen Dies of His Injuries.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Bahen, the Georgetown university football player who was injured in the Thanksgiving day football game, has died of his injuries.

Property Burned by Burglars.

RICHMOND, Me., March 27.—Burglars made a bold attempt to rob the postoffice here and started a fire which resulted in the destruction of \$25,000 worth of property.

A BIG TRADE ALLIANCE.

Glassworkers Discussing One In Philadelphia.

THREE BRANCHES TO BE UNITED.

Delegates Present From Green Glassworkers, American Flint and Window Glassworkers—To Be Laid Before Local Unions and Decided About July 1.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.—An important conference of glassworkers is in session in this city with a view of an alliance between the three branches of the industry that will bring them into closer relationship with each other and with the trade. The Green Glassworkers of the United States and Canada, represented by Joseph D. Troth of Millville, N. J., D. A. Hayer of Pittsburgh, William G. Dunlap of Newark, O., E. K. Gilroy of Mansfield, Ind., James Mul- k of Alton, Ill., Gephart Zahner and Joseph Congdon of Fairmont, Ind., and John V. Sailor of Philadelphia.

The American Flint Glass Workers' union, consisting of upwards of 8,000 men, sent William J. Smith of Pittsburgh and John Kunzler, and the Window Glass Workers State Factory Inspector Campbell.

The scheme is for an alliance and not for an amalgamation. Each organization will maintain its own plan of work, but will agree to consult and co-operate with the other bodies for the benefit of the entire craft. The plan will be laid before the different local organizations throughout the country, and it is probable that a larger gathering will be held about July 1, when a definite plan will have been mapped out, which will meet with the approval of each organization.

THURSTON NOTIFIES GRESHAM.

He Is Going Back to Hawaii—He Makes a Statement.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The Hawaiian minister—Mr. Thurston—has sent a formal notification of his intended departure to the state department, naming Frank Hastings, secretary of the legation, as charge d'affaires during his absence. This is in the regular course of diplomatic procedure under the circumstances.

He has made the following statement: "I have received no information from my government, or from Mr. Gresham, that my recall has been requested, and up to the present time there has been no change in my official relations with the state department. Whether my recall has been requested or not I do not know. In any event I shall not remain in Washington. There is nothing of especial importance to keep me here at present, while there are several matters requiring my attention at home. I shall therefore return to Honolulu immediately, leaving San Francisco April 1."

Morrell Telegrams to Cleveland.

TOLEDO, March 27.—Governor Morrell has sent the following telegram to President Cleveland: "The newspaper dispatches report that the Hon. L. A. Waller, a citizen of this state, and formerly United States consul at Madagascarr, has been most unjustly imprisoned by the French government, under a sentence of a court-martial, and that the department of state take active measures at once for his protection and release."

Sybil Sanderson Angry.

NEW YORK, March 27.—Sybil Sanderson, the prima donna, is on La Gas-cogne enroute for Paris. A colored singer on La Gas-cogne is Don Antonio Terry. Sybil Sanderson is reported to have said to her close friends before her departure that she would never again return to this country, her native land, where she said she had been terribly abused.

Mr. Olney Argues.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The hearing on the application of Eugene V. Debs and others for a writ of habeas corpus for their release from imprisonment, is still being heard in the supreme court of the United States. Attorney General Olney made an argument speaking in behalf of the government in opposition to the application. Mr. Darrow argued for the plaintiffs.

To Shelter Old Soldiers.

LOUISVILLE, March 27.—The Louisville school board, a vote of 11 to 2, has granted the use of about 10 public school buildings for the G. A. R. encampment next September. The buildings will be controlled by the local committee on accommodations, and will be available from the 7th to the 10th of September.

Robbers Dynamite a Bank Vault.

ROCKFORD, Ills., March 27.—The vault in the bank of Mount Morris has been blown open with dynamite by burglars, wrecking the vault and fixtures. Nearly \$10,000 was in the vault, but it is not believed that they secured any part of this. It is known that they got away with several hundred dollars in silver. The robbers stole a team and escaped.

Nearly \$3,000,000 Involved.

NASHUA, N. H., March 27.—The Nashua Savings bank, the fifth largest in New Hampshire, has closed its doors, an injunction having been issued against its application of the bank commissioner. Nearly \$3,000,000 are involved.

Sunday Observers Win a Victory.

ST. LOUIS, March 27.—The Sunday Closing association has scored another victory after a great battle, in the conviction of Jacob Kurtz, who was charged with selling whisky on Sunday.

An Anti-Toxine Bill Signed.

ALBANY, March 27.—Governor Morton has signed a bill authorizing the board of health of New York, to employ a corps of physicians to collect and administer anti-toxine.

SOLICITOUS FOR HIS SON.

Why Carlisle Committed an Alleged Violation of Law.

NEW YORK, March 27.—Collector James T. Kilbreth has received from Surveyor John C. McGuire, a report of the alleged violation of the quarantine law committed by Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle, the highest official of the customs' department. The collector, however, positively refused to make public the contents of the document.

The trouble has arisen on account of the secretary's anxiety to care for his son William K. Carlisle. The young man arrived in port last Saturday on the American line steamship Paris, after a month's tour abroad. The secretary went down to quarantine in the revenue cutter and took his son of the steamer before the passengers had been inspected by Health Officer Doty. This constitutes a violation of the state laws, hence the trouble.

A Kidnaping Case Decided.

BALTIMORE, March 27.—Judge Dennis has decided the famous Toomer kidnaping conspiracy case. Each one of the defendants (colored) was fined as follows: Everett J. Waring, \$100 and costs; Dunbar Walton, \$100 and costs; Carrie W. Wilson, \$100 and costs; Louis E. Franks, \$25 and no costs. These four persons were charged with conspiring to get Mamie Toomer, the daughter of Nathan Toomer, a wealthy colored planter of Augusta, Ga., out of St. Francis' academy, in order that a step-brother of her's might meet her.

Douglass Will In Controversy.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—Rosette D. Sprague, a daughter of Fred Douglass, has filed a petition asking that pending the granting of letters of administration on the estate letters of collection shall be issued to the end that there may be no waste of the property. The petition recites the failure thus far to file any will or other papers on the part of the widow or kindred of the dead man.

The Central to Use Electricity.

BUFFALO, March 27.—Hon. Daniel H. McMillan, council for the New York Central railway in this city, has received a communication from the New York Central, informing him of the intention of the company to change its motive power on the Niagara Falls branch from steam to electricity. The distance is 26 miles.

A Woman Condemned to Death.

CHICAGO, March 27.—Maggie Tiller has been condemned to be hanged for the murder of Charles Miller. The condemned is colored, and if the sentence is carried out her's will be the first execution of a woman which ever occurred in Chicago.

Appointed Paymaster General.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—The president has appointed Colonel Thaddeus H. Stanton to be paymaster general of the army, with the rank of brigadier general, to succeed General William Smith, retired.

Receiver for a Lumber Company.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 27.—Judge Jackson, in the United States court, has appointed A. H. Winchester permanent receiver of the Holly River Lumber company.

Christian Scientist Under Arrest.

KANSAS CITY, March 27.—Mrs. A. J. Baird, a well-known Christian scientist, is under arrest on a charge of practicing medicine without a license.

Prof. Ryder Dead.

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.—John A. Ryder, professor of comparative embryology at the University of Pennsylvania, has died in this city, aged 35 years.

Evidently Murder and Arson.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 27.—The suburban residence of William H. Walker has been destroyed by a fire which originated in a detached room where slept a relative, Sanford Wilson, who was burned to death. The body was found lying face downward on the floor. He was an old soldier and had drawn a large pension in gold. This is missing. His skull was found to be crushed and foul play is suspected. An investigation will be made.

Used a Razor While Drunk.

SARASOTA, March 27.—Julius Parker of Fort Edward has murdered Richard Jackson and terribly slashed William Palmer, but the latter will probably recover. Barker used a razor and almost decapitated Jackson. All are negroes. They got into a quarrel while drunk.

Charged With Treason.

COPENHAGEN, March 27.—Herr Noerremond, editor of Heindell, published at Albenra, in Northern Schleswig, has been arrested on the charge of treason in continually advocating the reunion of Northern Schleswig with Denmark.

PITH OF THE NEWS.

Thomas Neal, after accusing himself of embezzlement, at Trenton, N. J., tried to kill himself with a knife.

Four seamen of the wrecked British steamer Belfast were landed at Greencock. Eighteen of the crew are missing. The efforts of the \$50,000 indemnity by the Republic of Nicaragua, are being closely watched by this government, and it is said no injustice will be permitted.

An attack upon the governor general's palace at Havana, planned by negroes, was prevented by troops.

Efforts are being made at Birmingham to assure a McKinley delegation from Alabama to the next Republican national convention.

Tip, the trick elephant of the Barnum-Baileys show, severely injured a keeper at New York.

Citizens' suit in Chicago to annul a franchise ordinance was dismissed.

Work on the levee continues without interruption at New Orleans. The soldiers have been withdrawn but have been replaced by a strong force of police.

A bloody battle was fought at Bolinger Moss Ark between the Martin company mill hands on one side, and a gang of section negroes on the other. One section hand was killed and three of his companions wounded. One of the sawmill hands was wounded.

MURDERED AS A WITCH

Terrible Example of Superstition In Ireland.

TEN TORTURERS NEARLY LYNCHED

An Adoption of Southern Methods Narrowly Averted—The Victim, a Woman, Killed by Awful Methods by Her Husband and Others.

WATERFORD, Ireland, March 27.—A most extraordinary case of murder arising from superstition has been inquired into by the special court of Clonmel, 25 miles from here. Ten persons were arraigned before the court charged with murdering a woman named Cleary, because they supposed her to be a witch. The prisoners included the murdered woman's husband and father. The evidence showed that Mrs. Cleary was suffering from nervousness and bronchitis and her husband, believing her to be bewitched, and in order to exercise the evil spell obtained a concoction from a herbalist of the neighborhood. Then, while the other prisoners held the unfortunate woman in bed, her husband forced the obnoxious concoction of herbs down her throat.

After this the suffering woman was held over a fire and dreading the burning until she declared in the name of God that she was not Cleary's wife. This was repeated on the following day, but the woman refused to conform to her husband's requests, whereupon he knocked her down, stripped off her clothing, poured paraffin over her body, then lit it and the woman burned to death in the presence of six male and two female relatives. Cleary declared that he was burning a witch, but that she was burning a witch, and she would disappear up the chimney.

When the woman was dead, her husband collected her charred remains in a sheet and buried them in a dyke, beneath the mud, where they were found a week later. The prisoners, who were remanded, narrowly escaped lynching.

JUDGMENT FOR \$145,500.

United States Citizens Win Big Claims From Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—After months of deliberation the Venezuelan claims committee has concluded its labors and announced its decision, being a judgment in favor of citizens of the United States, for \$145,500, about one-third of the amount of the claims. The claims date back to 1871, when in the course of a revolution in Venezuela three of the vessels of the American corporation were seized by the Venezuelans on either side in the controversy, and much damaged by being used in war. The ships were finally recovered, one through the good office of the commander of a British warship and the other two by the commander of the United States steamship Shawmut. The claim also included items based on the refusal of the victorious revolutionary government to allow the company to exercise the franchise it held to navigate Venezuelan waters, and also items for the imprisonment of the masters of the seized vessels.

IRONWORKERS MAY STRIKE.

A Conference Saturday Decides If For the Shenango and Mahoning Valleys.

PITTSBURGH, March 27.—The conference on the proposition of the Ohio Valley manufacturers to pay only \$3.50 per ton for puddling, and a general reduction of 15 per cent in the finishing departments will be held on Saturday, President Garland of the Amalgamated association declined to express an opinion as to the result of the meeting.

The lodges of the association have voted against the acceptance of the sweeping reductions, and it is probable the cut will be refused. Unless the manufacturers withdraw the offer a strike is likely to be declared in the Shenango and Mahoning valleys, and fully 10,000 men will be idle.

THE MOONSHINER'S DREAM.

BY MATT CRIM.
AUTHOR OF THE ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL.

(COPYRIGHT, 1904.)

"S'manthy, S'manthy, wake up. Eddy's mighty sick an' I want you to run down to the stillery an' tell Eph."

Samantha rubbed her sleepy eyes open, staring up at her sister-in-law quite vacantly for a moment.

"What'd you say, Lizzy?"

"Eddy's sick, an' I can't leave him. He has a high fever, an' is callin' for his pa. Run, S'manthy, quick as you can. Here's your clothes, an' wrap my shawl 'round you."

Samantha sat up on the side of the bed still half dazed, but reaching mechanically for her dress. She occupied a little shed room opening out of the main room of the cabin, and the cold wind crept up through the cracks in the bare board floor.

"I wants my pa, where's my pa?" fretted a child's voice.

"There, there, honey, he'll come in a minute," soothed his mother.

Samantha was about in an instant, the last vapor of sleep blown away by the breath of that childish treble. Her teeth chattered a little as she dressed, groping around with no other light to aid her than the one shining through the doorway from the fireplace in the outer room.

"Put on another light 'ood knot, Lizzy," she called.

"Why don't you come out here where it's warmer?" was Lizzy's reply, but she thrust the rich pine under the logs and stirred up a brilliant blaze. She was a tall, sallow-faced young woman, with stooping shoulders and melancholy eyes, a direct contrast to her sister-in-law, who was short and rosy and laughter-loving.

"Now don't you be pestered, Lizzy. Eddy ain't goin' to be bad sick, I know," said Samantha, hopefully, as she came out of her little room flinging a shawl over her head. "He's just a little crampy an' feverish. He'll be all right, an' then Eddy'll be all right. Won't you, honey?" glancing over her shoulder to the bed.

The little boy turned restlessly on his pillow, moaning softly.

"I tell you, S'manthy, he ain't tuk like he usually is," whispered Lizzy. "It 'pears to me we oter have a doctor right now. I know I'm always scared

night in her own bed, with a stream of water flowing through the room, and a bird singing upon her rafter. What a shrill and piercing note. The voice of the running water was ten times sweeter, softer. Suddenly she was wide awake again, and listening intently.

The shrill bird-like whistle sounded very near. It thrilled her with reviving hope; she uttered a little cry of relief and joy. A man crashed through

the underbrush at the opposite of the stream and leaped over very close to her.

"S'manthy, oh, S'manthy!"

"I'm here, Al; I'm right close."

The moon came out again, revealing her hiding place. Al bent over her and gathered her into his arms.

"Honey, I 'lowed I'd never find you. I've been huntin' an' huntin'. What's the matter?"

"I fell down the bluff an'—"

"You're freezin' to death."

"Yes; I s'pose so, an' I feel all broke to pieces."

"I knowed it was your voice the minute I heard you scream, an' we all knowed what it meant, too."

"Eph—where is Eph?"

"They tuk him, S'manthy."

She gasped with horror.

"Tuk Eph? Oh, oh!"

"I been up to the house an' found Lizzy mighty nigh distracted. She's

plum to death nearly when anything gets the matter with Eddy; but you'd be, too, if he was the only one you had."

"I ain't blamin' you, Lizzy."

She went to the bed and bent over the sleeping child for an instant, listening to his breathing and laying a light finger on his pulse. The doctor lived five miles away down in the town, so it behooved the people of the mountains to know something about sickness and to exercise judgment. Samantha stepped out into the icy stillness of the night, with a feeling of anxiety tugging at her own heart. She debated whether it would not be wiser to saddle the mule and ride down to the distillery, as Eph could then go direct to the doctor; but she decided to let her brother see the child himself first.

"We air all plum fools 'bout Eddy, an' I reckon git skeered at mighty nigh nothin'." I'll let Eph judge for himself."

She stepped out briskly and fearlessly, gathering the shawl closely about her head and shoulders, for the night was bitter cold with a light powdering of snow upon the ground. Leaves snapped noisily under her feet, her breath made a frosty cloud about her face. The wind had risen, for high above that frozen silence of the earth the ragged clouds flew stormily. Now and then the moon shone down through a rent, illuminating mountain peak and ravine with its cold white light, but only momentarily.

The little cabin was perched away up on the side of Brandreth's peak in a sheltering cove, and Samantha's way led her across the clearing where the naked corn stalks of last year's crop yet stood in blackened rows, and half down a ravine half choked with laurel. Half way down the side of the declivity a well defined path had been beaten out, and to this the girl kept, treading carefully along its slippery surface for fear of falling. The trickling murmur of a little stream came up from the depths of the hollow, now and then a bird soared from its roost flew through the naked branches of the trees, or some small four-footed beast ran across the path way. Of these sights or sounds Samantha had no fear. It was not the first time she had been to the distillery after nightfall. But her ears were keen to distinguish sound, and the element of danger always lurking in the air for the moonshiner and all those connected with him had sharpened Samantha's wits beyond the ordinary. Still, she did not fear danger that

her somewhat, but not altogether. It seemed an age before she found a stopping place, and then she lay bruised and breathless, unable to move. But dreadful sounds still pierced her stunned senses, fierce cries, pistol shots and tramping feet. Some one ran through the laurel thicket on the opposite side of the stream, an officer in swift pursuit. But he wasted both his strength and his ammunition, for he returned empty handed. She could hear his hoarse breathing, and now and then a profane exclamation, as he picked his way through the underbrush.

Then gradually the fury of conflict and of destruction died out, and silence reigned again—the silence of midnight. Samantha had lost all account of time, for she couldn't tell whether she had fainted or had slept. When she came fully and clearly to herself again the stillness of death seemed to prevail around her. Only the little stream rippled on softly, musically, undisturbed by human conflicts. Samantha found herself lying across some laurel boughs directly over it, and through the tree tops towering above she saw a patch of sky. It widened while she gazed; the clouds grew silvery, and then the moon appeared, sending a clear beam right down into her eyes. Her sluggish thoughts were quickened; she remembered her errand with a groan. But when she tried to move, to sit up, her numb limbs refused to obey her, she felt as though pinned to the earth.

"I mus' be plum' freezed, or I'm paralyzed, one o' t'other. Did they git Eph an' Al? What will Lizzy do?"

Before she knew it tears were filling her eyes, trickling over her face. "La! What am I cryin' like a baby for? If I've got to die, the Almighty 'll take keer of me. I done what I could to save 'em."

She tried to wipe away the tears, but her stiffened arm refused to be moved. It lay like a leaden weight across her chest. It was no use. She might as well give up. The drowsy numbness seemed to be creeping up even to her heart. Only her brain was still active, preternaturally active. All her life from childhood on crowded upon her thoughts. She and Al were to have been married in this spring. Poor Al how sorry he would feel. And Lizzy, and Eph and Eddy. She was again moved to tears, though scarcely conscious of them.

It seemed a long time that she lay thinking, thinking, then her thoughts became only dreams. She lay snug and

warm in her own bed, with a stream of water flowing through the room, and a bird singing upon her rafter. What a shrill and piercing note. The voice of the running water was ten times sweeter, softer. Suddenly she was wide awake again, and listening intently.

The shrill bird-like whistle sounded very near. It thrilled her with reviving hope; she uttered a little cry of relief and joy. A man crashed through

the underbrush at the opposite of the stream and leaped over very close to her.

"S'manthy, oh, S'manthy!"

"I'm here, Al; I'm right close."

The moon came out again, revealing her hiding place. Al bent over her and gathered her into his arms.

"Honey, I 'lowed I'd never find you. I've been huntin' an' huntin'. What's the matter?"

"I fell down the bluff an'—"

"You're freezin' to death."

"Yes; I s'pose so, an' I feel all broke to pieces."

"I knowed it was your voice the minute I heard you scream, an' we all knowed what it meant, too."

"Eph—where is Eph?"

"They tuk him, S'manthy."

She gasped with horror.

"Tuk Eph? Oh, oh!"

"I been up to the house an' found Lizzy mighty nigh distracted. She's

plum to death nearly when anything gets the matter with Eddy; but you'd be, too, if he was the only one you had."

"I ain't blamin' you, Lizzy."

She went to the bed and bent over the sleeping child for an instant, listening to his breathing and laying a light finger on his pulse. The doctor lived five miles away down in the town, so it behooved the people of the mountains to know something about sickness and to exercise judgment. Samantha stepped out into the icy stillness of the night, with a feeling of anxiety tugging at her own heart. She debated whether it would not be wiser to saddle the mule and ride down to the distillery, as Eph could then go direct to the doctor; but she decided to let her brother see the child himself first.

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How his tameless spirit, bred in the wild fastnesses of the mountains, chafed and raged during the ensuing week. A weight of anxiety hung upon him. He had never before been separate from his wife and child for so long a time. What would Eddy think of the long absence and would they dare explain its meaning to him? Eph writhed and paced the narrow limits of his cell as he, in fancy, saw the pale little fellow, watching for him day after day. He had never been robust and full of healthy animal spirits like other children, and the father's heart had yearned over him from his birth. The idle days lagged drearily to the imprisoned man. But one morning a letter came for him, an ill-spelt scrawl that he had to ask a fellow prisoner to read to him. The news it brought was worse than anything he could have imagined. Eddy was sick, sick unto death, and constantly calling for him. If he did not come home the child would certainly die, but if he did the doctor thought there might be a chance of saving his life.

"Oh, du cum, du cum, ef you have tu break jail tu git here," Lizzy prayed in conclusion. "Mebby they'll let you out, if they know he's so sick."

Eph heard the reading with ashen cheeks and wild eyes.

"Go, I reckon I will go ef I have to pull down every brick in this jail house. Eddy sick an' me not there to take keer o' him. He p me Almighty God, oh he p me."

It is needless to dwell upon his vain appeals first to the jailer, and then to the federal authorities, for liberty. Their dealings with men had not been of a kind to increase their faith in human nature. Some believed that it was a clumsy scheme to escape, others that if the child was ill, no good could be accomplished by his presence. His promises to return and give himself up were heard with derision and doubt.

"As the Almighty hears me I will come back when he gets better," he said with tears running down his face. "He's the only little un I've got. Lemme see him fore he dies."

But that night he lay down on his prison cot stupid with despair, knowing that he could only get his liberty by breaking jail, and how could he do that? He had a dim remembrance of prison doors opening for the escape of certain Apostles, but that happened only in the days of miracles. It never could happen to a poor sinner like him. Nevertheless, he prayed, and prayed

after a different fashion than ever he had worded his petitions before, prayed with a fervor and passion called forth by his extreme need.

It must have been near midnight or perhaps later that it seemed to him he was awakened by some one calling him and he looked up and saw his child with outstretched arms.

"Pa, oh pa."

"Yes, honey. Yes, yes, I'm comin'," he cried, leaping out on the cold floor. But the vision had fled. Nothing more than blank darkness met his gaze. He dashed to the iron grated window. His hands, his arms, his whole body seemed endowed with the strength of ten men.

"Yes, honey, yes; pa's comin'," he muttered again and wrenched the bars like a mad man.

He never could have told himself how they were loosened and torn out, nor how he managed to escape detection as he scaled the high spiked fence. He only knew that presently he stood upon the deserted street, shivering with cold and fumbling in an inner pocket for the money he carried. Two other men escaped that night, one a murderer and the other a noted thief, and in the hue and cry after them, it seemed a small thing to lose a moonshiner.

Eph White was climbing Brandreth's peak the night after his escape, taking great, swift strides, or running where the path was smooth and level. The nearer home, the more frantic his haste. Snow was falling and the wind was bitter cold, but he took off his coat and wiped beads of perspiration from his face. All day his ears had been haunted by that appealing childish cry: "Pa! oh, pa!" for him; the dusky woods were filled with little patterling feet, with tender baby voices. "I'm comin', honey, I'm comin'."

Lord! Lemme git thar quick! Lemme git thar quick!" he sobbed and prayed as he ran. He lost his hat and flung his coat from him as he leaped the corn rows in the clearing.

"I wants my pa! oh, my pa!"

How he reached the doorstep, welled the very core of his heart. The next moment he was in the room at the bedside and had gathered that fragile, fever-stricken little form to his heart. They looked at each other for a moment in utter silence, the child and the man, and then over the child's wan face a faint smile shone and the sobbing breath sank to a whisper.

"Why, it's pa."

"Yes, honey, ye little un, I'd a come ef the whole earth had stood atween us. Lie still an' let pa sing you to sleep."

His broad, rough hand stroked the little face tenderly, he crooned inarticulately while tears trickled unheeded down his face.

"Yes, he's out of danger, an' I'm goin' back to stand my trial. I had to come. Nothin' could a helt me. When I seed him in that dream—it must a been a dream—holdin' out his little arms an' callin' me, I felt that walls couldn't be made thick enough an' iron bars strong enough to keep me from him. An' God Almighty gave me the strength to get free. It wasn't a natchel strength, an' now I'm goin' to be an honest man an' go back. I said I would. I said it all along, and I'm goin' to do it. I've told Eddy all about it, an' he loves I must go, that he'll not cry or whimper while I'm gone. That child has got a wonderful sight of sense. He's more sensible than some men, yes, than a great many men. Yes, I'm goin' to do the fair thing by the Almighty. He done it by me. He let me come home an' He let my child live, an' now I ain't goin' back on my word."

So he returned and surrendered himself. But that honest deed earned its own reward. His sentence was so light that when the green of spring clothed all the mountains and the laurel was in bloom he returned home a free man, and in time to see Al and S'manthy married.

WHEN FAMOUS MEN MARRIED.

Their Ages Ranged from Eighteen to Sixty-Seven—Many Happy Unions.

Raphael, Michael Angelo, Beethoven and many of the world's famous men remained bachelors, says an exchange. Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway when eighteen years old. Frederick the Great was twenty-one when he led Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick to the altar. William von Humboldt married Karoline von Dachsroeden when twenty-four, and Mozart and Walter Scott were twenty-five when they chose better halves. The musician married the charming Constanze Weber, who inspired him to write his most beautiful compositions, while the choice of the novelist was Miss Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Dante married when twenty-six the Florentine, Gemina Dopati. At the same age Johann Heinrich Voss led to the altar the sister of his friend, Ernestina Boie. Napoleon was twenty-seven when he married the rich widow Josephine Beauharnais, and Byron had attained the same age when he gave his name to the heiress Miss Elizabeth Millbank. The Swedish naturalist Linnaeus (Linne) was twenty-seven when he married, Herder was twenty-nine and Robert Burns was thirty. Schiller had passed his thirty-first birthday when he wedded Charlotte von Leugenfeld. Wieland was married when he was thirty-two. Milton began his unhappy union when he was thirty-five years old. Burger led his beautiful and beloved "Molly" to the altar when he was more than thirty-six years old. Luther chose a wife when he was forty-two and Cutton when he was fifty-five. Goethe gave his name to Christine Vulpius when three years less than three score. Klopstock, after mourning his Meta thirty-three years, took unto himself a second wife when sixty-seven. She was a widow bearing the name of Johanna von Windheim.

ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON.

Senator Edmunds Was Authority on the Delicate Subject.

The wife of a new senator once told me that she was determined to make no social mistakes, so—wise woman that she was—she asked Senator Edmunds, who she knew was thoroughly conversant with every detail of official etiquette, by reason of his long career in the senate, if it was not incumbent upon her to make her first visit to the wives of foreign ministers, says Kate Field's Washington. He replied:

"Certainly not, madam; a senator never makes the first visit upon a foreign minister."

So, thanks to her good sense in consulting an old senator, this lady did not make the mistake that a few less wise new senators' wives have done of making first visits, when etiquette required that they should receive them. Of course, as the senate has increased in size the last few years, it can hardly be expected that foreign ministers should call upon new senators, but they ought to upon the old ones and upon others whom they wish to know.

I think the charming wife of one of the diplomats has adopted a very wise rule, as she remarked to a senator's wife to whom she had just been presented: "I know it is my place to call on senators' wives, but I wait until I meet them, and I shall now give myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

If the ladies of the diplomatic corps would follow the lead of this popular lady, they would avoid some of the mistakes that they now make in our official etiquette.

Strength of a Brick Arch.

The strength of a brick arch having a span of 13 feet 1 1/2 inches and a rise of 1 foot 1 1/2 inches was recently tested at Beane, France, with a view to determine the suitability of such a construction for a service reservoir now being built there. The bricks measured 11.8x5.1x2.2 inches, and were laid flat, with a joint of cement mortar 0.4-inch thick between them and an 8-10-inch layer of mortar outside. A section 3 feet wide was built on rock abutments and loaded with 820 pounds per square foot, which load was carried without any signs of failure for eighteen hours.

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THE BASEBALL SEASON

O. P. Caylor's Observations About the National Game.

RESIGNATION OF LOUISVILLE.

The Louisville club has been delighted to secure Eleventh Place—Some of the Players Who Held Out For More Salary and of Course Didn't Get It.

St. Patrick's day is looked upon by some people as the ne plus ultra of Jack Frost's work in the middle latitudes. It is also the beginning of activity in baseball circles south of the great lakes. This year the natal day of Ireland's patron saint saw nothing left undone in preparation for the various baseball championships of the United States except the training of the teams. Schedules have been arranged and adopted, rules and regulations provided, and the players are getting ready for the fight. There is no doubt of the widespread expectation that the coming season will be the greatest and most successful in the history of the national game.

A month of March without a series of predictions as to the probable individual strength of the various National League teams would be a unique period in the calendar. This month has been no exception in that respect. The National League manager or captain who has not already placed the 13 clubs in the order of the finish, and especially his own, is not supposed to know the necessary points of his business. With one exception I believe the 13 captains have gone on record for 1895. Six of the 11 claim first place, and the other five, though they will not holdly declare themselves, talk about the first division, but cannot conceal the bud of higher hope which is swelling in their heart of hearts. I have on my memorandum not one club of the 13 which is willing to accept a place in the second division, although there are six niches there waiting to receive deposits next October.

The one exception is the Louisville people. So far as my memorandum shows, the Colonels have claimed nothing thus far except the right to live and be a factor in the race. The team has become hardened from experience to expect little in the windup, and eleventh place would be looked upon in Louisville as a proud position of distinction whence the Kentuckians could gaze down upon the one more unfortunate collection with feelings of real downright satisfaction.

Since he left for the south Uncle Anson isn't saying much, but he is not asleep. Word comes from Galveston that his Colts are not lolling the hours away in idleness, and the amount of perspiration which Anse has succeeded in driving through the pores of his men already would irrigate a considerable plot in the arid regions of western Texas. Baseball, according to Anson's philosophy, is not pleasure and play, but hard work from post to finish. That old veteran, Tom Burns, told me recently that Anson got as much work out of his men in a week as most captains got out of their teams in a month, and Burns spoke from years of experience with the Chicago chief. It is a great compliment to the "Grand Old Man" that every other club in the League concedes to him a much higher position in the race this year than he got last. It is also a fact that in every section of the country a desire prevails almost universally to see the Chicago land among the first six clubs. This feeling is wholly founded upon the widespread, genuine admiration for the Gladstone of the national game.

Anson is "short" in pitchers. It is the weak spot in his team. If he could get a man like Rousie, Meekin or McMahon, he would by no means be out of the race. Another

The Pittsburghs found Hart a most puzzling pitcher in some of their exhibition games against him, and this year Hart will play on the Pittsburgh team. Hawley was another pitcher whom the Pittsburghs found to be troublesome, and they traded him for him.

Several attempts have been made this year by players to "hold out" for more salary than was offered. None succeeded. The most notable instance was that of Rousie, who surrendered very easily when the folly of his attempt was held up to him. Wilson of the New Yorks also made a bluff, but came to the club's terms in the end. So far Westover of the New Yorks is the only player who is holding out, and as he does not depend on professional playing for a livelihood he will probably retire permanently from the game.

The Baltimore club had four "hold outs"—namely, Kelley, McGraw, Jennings and Keeler. Their plans also fell flat. Kelley was the last to surrender, and he does not hesitate to express his dissatisfaction with the situation. He demanded the limit of \$2,400, though he gets \$2,000, which is an increase over his recompense of last season. It is a queer fact that the two teams which profited most last season and stood first and second in the League have given the most trouble to their clubs this year when it came to a question of salaries.

Joseph J. Kelley is what may be classed as an aggressive player, a fighter. He is 24 years old, but has been playing professionally only five years. His first salaried season was with the Lowell of the New England League, where he played as a pitcher. The Bostonians picked him up that year and used him in 24 games. Next year he went to Omaha and thence to the Pittsburghs. The latter club let him go to Baltimore as part consideration in the trade for Van Halton. His advance toward the front of the ball players of the country has been rapid.

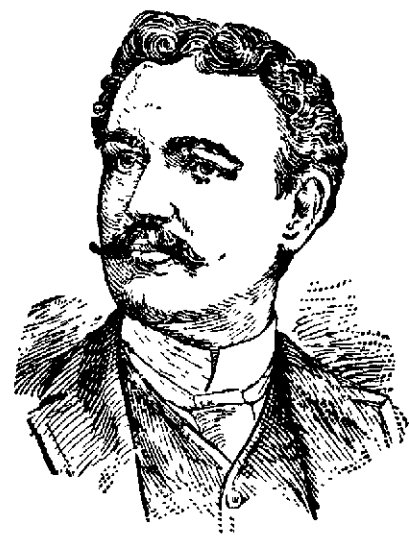
There will be about 50 young players brought out on the National League diamond this year, recruits drafted from the minor leagues, where they were stars last season. It will be interesting to watch these new candidates for popular favor and note how many of them will "wear." If former experience is a fair measure by which to make an estimate, then perhaps one of each six will remain in the League roll at the end of the year.

O. P. CAYLOR.

W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

A Young Actor With a Fine Voice and Brilliant Prospects.

W. H. McLaughlin's first professional work was as basso for the Lotus Glee club of Boston. His ambition, however, ran in the direction of the stage, and he went to New York to seek an engagement in comic opera. His first appearance on the operatic platform was at McCaull's Opera House in Philadelphia in the character of Fish-Tush in the "Mikado." That was in Novem-



W. H. McLAUGHLIN.

ber, 1888, and during the same season he appeared in "Indiana" and "Ruddy Gore." The following summer he went to the Academy of Music, Baltimore, appearing in repertory. Charles Frohman next engaged him to take the part of Elial, the priest, in his production of "She." He remained with the company during the entire season, and the following summer played the Boatwain in a special production of "H. M. S. Pinafore" at St. Louis. His next move was to Chicago, where he joined J. C. Duff's company, appearing as General Bombardier in "The Queen's Mate." He remained for several seasons with Mr. Duff singing in "Paola" and the entire Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. A pleasure trip to England was next undertaken, but even there he filled a brief engagement as a ballad singer at the Empire theater, London. Returning to America, he became a member of Henry E. Dixey's company at Palmer's theater, New York, appearing in "Iolanthe," "Patience" and the "Forcerver" and continued with the company on tour. In 1893 he rejoined the Duff company at Louisville, playing in extensive repertory. The following season he remained with Mr. Duff and opened at Herndon's theater, New York, as Jupiter in "Philoemon and Ban." Last summer he played in Boston with the Canille D'Arville Opera company, creating the role of Rubeau in "Madelaine, or the Magic Kiss." In the latter part of last October he joined the Whitney Opera company and created the part of Lochiel in De Koven and Smith's "Rob Roy" at the Herald Square theater, New York.

Mr. McLaughlin is of heroic build and commanding presence and possesses a very powerful voice of excellent range and quality. He is 29 years old.

A Clock in a Wine Bottle.

There is now being exhibited in the window of the shop of Mr. Kaps, the watchmaker, a clock the works of which are in the inside of an ordinary clear glass wine bottle, the dial plate being set obliquely on the top of the bottle. How the works were introduced into the bottle is the mystery at first glance, but even when it is ascertained that no single piece is wider than the neck of the bottle the wonder then occurs to the mind as to how the pieces of such delicate machinery were therein put together.—Demerara Argosy.

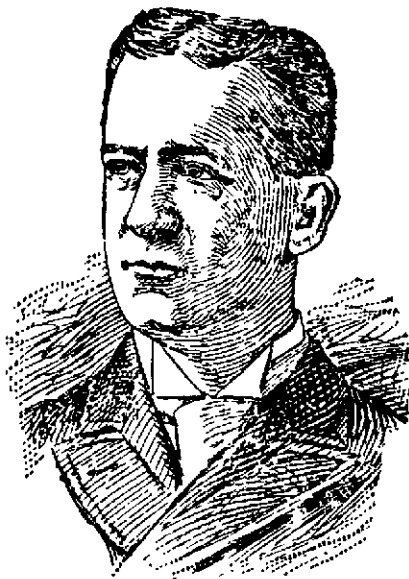
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HE DISLIKES EROTIC PLAYS.

The True Mission of the Stage—Vice Should Never Be Triumphant, and Only What Is Best and Noblest Should Be Brought Into Prominence.

Clean comedy I think a far better mental tonic than erotic drama. In making this statement I mean to institute no invidious comparisons between the class of plays I deal with and those favored by brother or sister artists. I simply lay it down as a general proposition, and I believe the majority of thinking men and women, especially if they be husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, will agree with me. I hold that the stage should be more than a mere vehicle of amusement. It should do more than "hold the mirror up to nature." It should be a moral force as well, quite as much so as the pulpit or the press. It should be a guide as well as a medium for the portraiture of what is



W. H. CRANE.

noblest and best in the human race. The morale of a play should ever be on the side of virtue. Vice should never be glorified and rectitude in man or woman be belittled. Such action cannot be productive of good. The old or the young will not profit by it. Indeed upon the young, especially at the formative period of life, its effects cannot but be pernicious.

I am moved to these reflections from the fact that during the past few years it has become the fashion to import and produce in our leading theaters a class of plays which, while they possess the highest literary and artistic merit, are decidedly risqué. Indeed these plays are more than what our French friends call double entendre. In downright plain English, they are sensuous. No American playwright would, if he could, write such plays. He would be anathematized by press and pulpit from Maine to California, from the St. Lawrence to the gulf. Like Othello, his occupation would soon be gone, for theatrical managers, who watch as closely the pulse of public opinion as ever does careful physician that of a fevered patient, would cease to extend the gladness hand and beam upon him with the welcome eye when he appeared with other productions of his pen. Self defense would compel such a course, for, having pulpit, press and people arrayed against him, where would the manager come in?

No, it is only the daring genius of a Dumas or a Sardou that can evolve plays of such caliber and not only make them pass muster, but actually capture and thrill the public. I mean to speak in all fairness. Not being a playwright, I cannot be charged with professional jealousy. Neither am I a jot jealous of any of my fellow actors, men or women, who have achieved success in the dramas of the great French playwrights. As the Irishman says, more power to them. I hope they will win gold and glory galore. I would like to see all of my compatriots prosper, for I know how tempestuous is the great ocean of trial before the haven of success is reached. No, I repeat, I am not a particle jealous of any fellow artist, for, like the eminent Mr. O'Reilly, whom poet Deane has immortalized, I am "doing quite well" myself in my new play, "His Wife's Father," now running at the Fifth Avenue theater, N. Y. I will not weary my readers with a description of it, as it has been freely and extensively analyzed by people far more competent to criticize than your humble servant. Suffice it to say that it is a clean, wholesome comedy, the very best that talented lady, Martha Morton, has ever written. It abounds in comic situations and fairly bubbles over with mirth throughout, yet there is not a single prurient detail in the play.

Having thus, like a good lawyer, disposed in advance of any charge of professional jealousy which may be brought against me, I now return to the main subject. I believe a play should be healthy in tone as well as strong in dramatic action. If a play of the more serious sort, like "Shenandoah," for instance, patriotism, courage and honesty in man and virtue in woman should be the stellar features. Of course vice, too, if present, as it almost unavoidably is, should be skillfully depicted, but it should never predominate and be made the feature of the play. A play, like a sermon or a good novel, should bear a moral. It should bring out in bright colors what is best and noblest in man, not what is ignoble and depraved. Let me exemplify. In the play dramatized from Dumas' "Three Guardsmen," Portos, one of the novelists' heroes, is humorously depicted as loving the beauty of his mistress, the wife of a petty merchant, and commended by his comrades for his cleverness in forcing tribute. In efforts the heroine, who is deeply religious as well as arrogant and opulent, declines wedlock with the hero of the play, for whom she acknowledges her love, because he is beneath her in station, but suggests an amour as being most satisfactory to both parties in interest.

What sort of lessons are these to inculcate? What impressions will they make upon the hearts of the youthful of both sexes, lads and lasses, whose minds are not yet developed, but like tender saplings easily bent to the right or left? What feelings will they engender in the minds of giddy men and women who look on life as a perpetual holiday, and who are constantly studying new methods of enjoyment?

I will sum up in one brief sentence my opinion of herolizing vice. It is a dangerous precedent to establish and may lead the weak to evil.

Let us now look at the other side of the

picture. What effect has a good play upon the human mind? Upon the adult the same as a spirited address by an inspired orator, like Wendell Phillips, in a great crisis. In youth it arouses the happy, buoyant, chivalrous emotions, such as a perusal of Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" or "Count Robert of Paris" is sure to do. Such plays make men and women the better for their presentation. They develop the best impulses of their natures.

That such plays can be made to pay is evidenced by the overflowing houses which greeted in days gone by Forrest, MacCreedy and the elder Booth in their impersonations of Virgilius, Spartacus, Julius Caesar and other heroic characters. In recent times, too, I can mention five clean plays of lighter mold than those I have just enumerated which have attained greater, more pronounced and more enduring success than any of the tainted dramas from abroad. These are "Shenandoah," "Hazel Kirke," "The Banker's Daughter," "Henrietta" and "The Senator."

All kinds of clean plays can be made the medium through which a moral can be ad-duced, but as a mental tonic, pure and simple, I believe comedy is by far the best. Good comedy is like good wine. It should effervesce. When it abounds in comic situations, sparkles with bright dialogue and is redolent with wit and humor, it has the same effect upon the jaded intellect as champagne has upon the exhausted athlete. It arouses mental and physical activity and is as good as a tonic to a malarial patient. As most of our business and professional men are at the end of their day's hunt after gold or glory pretty well tuckered out mentally and physically, I hold that bright, wholesome comedy is about the best medicine they can take. I think it suits their case—and they are the bulwark to the theater—better than the most sterling tragedy or most refined melodrama. Humor exhilarates, it elevates the senses. Pathos tends to depress, and as most of our successful men have had at some time or other in their lives bitter experience with the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," a recurrence of sorrows similar to theirs portrayed upon the stage certainly won't cheer their spirits if it does arouse their interest.

In thus writing freely upon a subject dear to my heart, as it is to that of every actor, it must not be thought that I have attempted to set myself up as an authority nor an arbiter eloquently regarding dramatic matters. I am simply doing what foreign tourists do after a brief sojourn in this country—writing my impressions.

W. H. Crane

Baseball was played on skates recently before a big crowd at Clinton, Ia.

Captain Anson probably receives the largest salary of any ball player today.

Some wit suggests that a pugilist's camp is the hardest blow that a writer's camp can receive.

The annual joint fencing championship competitions of the Amateur Fencers' league and Amateur Athletic union will take place in the Fencers' club, New York, on April 26 and 27.

Jimmy Barry, the bantam featherweight of the world, who is so good that he cannot get a match with any one of his weight, has made nothing in the ring and thinks of going back to his trade.

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40.00	30.00	10.00	6.00	As low as	3.75
As low as	17.50	8.00	5.00	Sideboards.	
Couches.		4.00	2.25	75.00	50.00
30.00	22.00	Bed Lounges.		50.00	35.00
25.00	18.00	Regular Price.	Now.	40.00	30.00
20.00	15.00	\$25.00	\$15.00	20.00	20.00
18.00	12.00	20.00	15.00	20.00	17.50
As low as	4.50	16.00	12.00	As low as	10.00
		12.00	10.00		

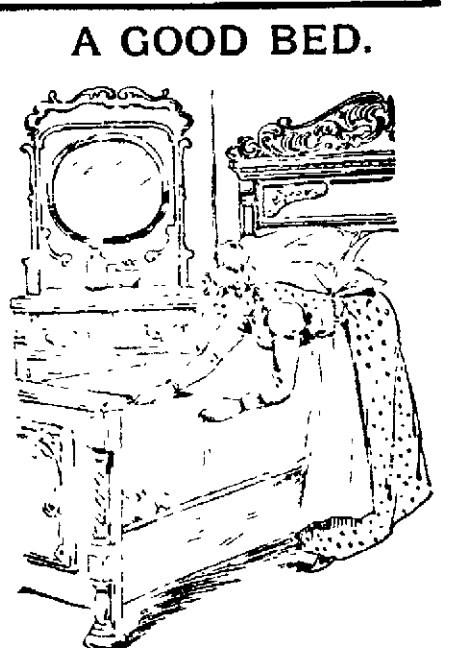
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THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895.

The Toledo Blade suggests that as Carl Browne wants to marry he opens a chance to Queen Lil—that is, if Gressham does not object. Browne thinks that Mr. Cleveland is ahead of him in the affections of ex-royalty.

Mr. Carl Browne really takes himself too seriously. He is quite positive that upon one occasion he saved the Commonwealth correspondents from death by hanging. His friends were an unsavory lot, but their demonstrations seemed always vocal, not physical.

An eligible site for an opera house has been suggested, the value of which the owners agree to take in stock in such an enterprise. With just a little effort, it is not too much to say, that a structure could easily be provided, that would answer every requirement.

The death of Colonel Webb removes from Massillon one of the rare old gentlemen whose memory ran back for many years, abounded in personal reminiscences of public men who were conspicuous before the war, and whose current thoughts and interests were abreast of the times. An active mind in a sound body, they both wore out together, and after a long life he passed away full of years and experience, and leaving behind many to love and respect his memory.

It is a beautiful and inspiring spectacle to see the highly re-incarnated Coxey, who boasts that he has never cut the price of his silica sand, but who was first to cut the wages of his quarrymen, and the inspired Browne, who puts himself on exhibition like a two-legged lady or five-legged calf, derogating from the rustic men and institutions as old as Massillon, and who are to the manner born. There have always been trucksters to say "Caldin's your friend, not Short," and it is one of the sad sights that the world affords, to witness the warped but honestly intending intellects that go to these eccentricities for comfort and advice.

Before THE INDEPENDENT will have appeared again, the first year will have passed since the Coxey immortals left Massillon on their march to the sea. They were encamped on the outskirts of Washington, and preparing for attack upon the capital when Mr. Browne wrote to the editor of THE INDEPENDENT, saying:

"This is not a planned purpose of finite men, but the Infinite working through men. As one possessing in a larger degree, through re-incarnation, more of the soul of the carpenter of Nazareth than any other man, I am able to know that organized society today has just entered upon that awful cataclysm foretold by St. John on the Isle of Patmos."

The farce is now played out, and the hero of the movement is now barn-storming around the country in the vain hope of securing a nomination for the Presidency, while his satellite has become a local pettifogger.

Judge Ricks has decided at Cleveland, that Mrs. Minnie R. Whitehead, who came to this country in 1867, became a citizen when she married Thomas R. Whitehead, a native of the United States. Judge Ricks knows the law, and the legal opinion will have to be accepted without question. Whether the new woman will take to this settlement of the matter, and whether she can do so consistently is open to doubt. Our women have been contending right along that all they asked for was equal rights, yet here is a case of outright discrimination against the male sex. A foreign born woman becomes a citizen without other process, by marrying with a native, and according to the good rule that should work both ways, the foreign-born man ought to become a citizen when married to a native born woman. But does he? Not at all.

An experiment with a public market can be made here without involving the city in any expense whatever. There is no necessity of wasting a large sum of money, and causing the retail merchants, who, during the very recent hard times, have uncomplainingly borne the burden thrust upon them by their customers who were out of work, some of whom now assail them, since the pressure is relieved. The question of middlemen's profits will be an interesting one to watch. Our friend, the farmer, in most of his dealings, evinces an entire willingness to take not only his own whole-sale price, but the middleman's profits, too, when he gets a chance. Whether he would unselfishly sell produce in a retail way, at whole-sale prices, in the event of the opening of a market, is something to be determined. However, let the test be made either at the old engine house, or on one of the market squares. If there are any benefits lying around loose that we do not already enjoy, let us have them.

There is a question of propriety involved, in demanding of candidates for the council that they promise to vote for an enterprise as the price of support. It is in the nature of an offer.

forced bribe. When individuals make propositions akin to this their act is held to be a misdemeanor under the statutes, and there is no reason why organized bodies should have more or less license. Men are nominated for office by parties and are either instructed or uninstructed. Beyond the pledges involved in their acceptance of nomination, a candidate has no moral or legal right to declare his future official action as a means of obtaining support. He should enter upon the discharge of his duties untrammelled by pledges, and give his best judgment to the work in hand. As to the market house matter, why not adopt THE INDEPENDENT's suggestion to test the advisability of opening a public market by dividing the old engine house into stalls and assigning sidewalk spaces about it? If experience warrants an investment, then by all means let it be made.

The telephone war is an event that is bound to become more interesting, and the fittest will survive. Few people who have given the matter consideration will pretend that the permanent continuance of two local exchanges is either possible or desirable. In order to be of the greatest service to the public it is essential that the telephones of the city be connected with a common exchange. It has long been agreed that one system of water works or one gas plant is better for the public than two, and in even greater measure it is important that but one telephone exchange obtain permanent foothold. Few of us are so opulent as to care to pay the price of two instruments unless the terms descend to such a ridiculous plane that neither company can endure, and none of us care to call up our butcher or baker and find that worthy on the other list. Therefore, the greater the number of patrons attached to a given exchange, the greater that exchange's usefulness. At the time present we have two systems in our midst, and the public, by an inscrutable process as certain of operation as the law of gravitation, will decide between the two. For a time, perhaps, a war of rates will be fought, in which the financial resources of both corporations will be tested, but such a conflict cannot long prevail. The public does not expect something for nothing. It is willing to pay a reasonable price for a good thing, but it does not care to be imposed upon. It will be discovered, sooner or later, where the safe and happy medium as to rates may be, and the real contest will then hinge upon relative usefulness and the personal leanings of a majority of the users.

O'FERRALL OF VIRGINIA.

Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia, is making a dreadful disturbance because, when waited upon recently by a committee from the general assembly of Massachusetts, a colored member took his rightful place with the committee. The governor regards it as a mark of self-abrogation that he permitted the colored statesman to partake of refreshments spread before the party in the executive dining room, but places great stress upon the fact that Mrs. O'Ferrall declined to shake hands with the unwelcome guest. The humorous feature of the case is that the governor thinks that he has behaved with great consideration and that the Massachusetts committee was singularly remiss in not notifying him in advance that the colored brother was coming too, in order that he might have escaped the awful degradation. It never occurs to O'Ferrall that there was no more reason why he should have special information concerning the color of his guests, than that he should be told in advance of their religion, weight and politics. O'Ferrall is an eccentricity who should read the constitution, or else retire from public office and exercise his narrowness in private station.

MR. DANA'S WISDOM.

The Christian Advocate is so pleased with the lecture of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun at Union college that it wishes it had space for the whole. It quotes this paragraph approvingly:

"There is no question that accuracy, the faculty of seeing a thing as it is, of knowing, for instance, that it is two and one-quarter and not two and three-eighths, and saying so, is one of the first and most precious ends of a good education. Next to that I would put the ability to know how and what you don't know, and what you want to know. Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's great object, being able to tell what you know, and to tell it accurately, precisely, without prejudice, the fact just as it is, whether it be a report of a baseball game, or of a sermon, or of a lecture on electricity, whatever it may be, to get the thing exactly as it is. The man who can do that is a very well educated man."

To this THE ADVOCATE says on its own account: "It is supposed by some that accuracy entails a vast amount of labor. To form the habit of accuracy is not easy. Once formed, the whole nature accustoms itself, and much of the work is automatic. We desire to add that the best of all methods of strengthening the memory is attention to the details of every picture, natural view or subject, and that odd numbers greatly facilitate memory. It is much easier for a man to remember that he saw a grove of nineteen beautiful cypress trees, if he looked at them long enough to count them, than that he saw some cypress trees. The fact that he counted them detains his attention briefly, and gives distinctness to the mental vision by which he retains them."

FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Confessions of Carl Browne on the Commonwealth.

HOW HE SAVED THE REPORTERS.

A Graphic Description of the Events on the Last First of May—He had the Whole of Washington Hypnotized—Defeated by the Topography of the Ground.

The first anniversary of the departure of Citizen Coxey's Commonwealth was observed Monday night at the opera house. Carl Browne described his trials and tribulations to a limited audience. All the Populist candidates were there, and so were many others attracted by curiosity. The marshal succeeded in making his threadbare subject interesting. He opened in a flowery manner, announced that he and Mr. Coxey were writing a book, and then launched into his subject:

"The growth of the Commonwealth was phenomenal and only possible in this era of the modern newspaper, the telegraph and the live reporter. It was a knowledge of these factors that led to its conception and execution, and the groundwork of the Commonwealth was the desire for the sustenance of the people, catered to by a local representative of the press. The newspaper editor who took his stuff, as it was termed, looked upon it as a nine days' wonder business and were astonished at the interest manifested on the part of the people, and it was this interest that caused an army of reporters to be sent to Massillon to accompany us, more or less instructed to write it down if possible, but like Banquo's ghost, it would not down."

Mr. Browne reviewed each place of encampment and incidents enroute. He described the trip of the canal, the hastily catching in the purple peaks at sundown and picking out the flowers on the hill side by way of contrast with the rough food and hardships of the journey, and quoted the famous order wherein he describes the "Languorous Languor of the Lingerer," likening the canal boat on which he rode to the barge of Cleopatra on her voyage to meet Antony. He detailed at length the cable he had in saving the Argosy, the boat that was being moored at Columbiana, O., and also at Chalk Hill, in the mountains, east of Uniontown.

At Columbiana, hearing of the plot to "do them up," he issued the order that kept reporters out of the camp that evening. At Laurel Summit, or Chalk Hill, the conspiracy against the reporters took serious form. "The Commonwealth had stopped for lunch," said Mr. Browne, "in a ravine not far from the Braddock's grave. The day was cold and disagreeable. The day was angry. They were aware that the reporters were all in the rear. I had just finished my lunch of hard tack and cold blocks of boiled pork, when a faithful friend came to me and said:

"'Marshal, there is going to be trouble with the reporters here; you had better see—he is to lead an attack upon them, and all the boys are in favor of it. They are going to stop their teams and take off their clothes and dress them up in some of their rags and take the stock of whiskey and cigars, and some even advocate the hanging of Hugh O'Donnell. I immediately sought out the ringleaders and appealed to them with all the earnestness I could muster not to do it; that the press of the country would take it up; it would break up the movement. The leaders promised me they would not do it, but when the first waggon load came by containing Hugh O'Donnell, there was such a growl that I was fearful they would do it anyway. The boys themselves had intimations of such a thing and were all armed and on guard, and had a pistol shot been fired then they would certainly have been strung up."

"We came in contact and had letters from persons who wanted to blow up the capitol. A man wrote us from Illinois about a wonderful powder that he made and what damage it could do. Some, no doubt, were serious and many were defective schemes."

"At 11 p. m. on April 30, I came in from camp at Brightwood having arranged everything for the morrow, and went to Mr. Coxey's room in the National Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Coxey, Mrs. Anna Diggs and her two beautiful spirit-daughters were there; also H. E. Taubeneck, National chairman of the People's party, Mr. Dunning, editor of the National Watchman, and Jake Turner, of Georgia, the National secretary of the People's party. They were all pleading against our attempting to go on the capitol steps. They said that we would be shot down, arrested, hung—that it would precipitate a revolution, etc. Mr. Coxey was firm. When I entered they appealed to me. I said it would make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world; that I was going to attempt to go there it was the last thing I did on earth. Then they appealed to Mrs. Coxey, and she said she would not let her husband and I shake her head but kept cool while the other ladies were in tears."

"Finally, as a compromise, it was agreed to hunt up Speaker Crisp. Mr. Coxey, Truman and myself went to his hotel, but he was unwilling to do anything unless the Vice President was the initiative of it, so from there Mr. Coxey went to find the Vice President. I was disgusted and went back to the hotel. After awhile Mr. Coxey returned and reported that the Vice President was undetermined, but would see Crisp. We all separated, and as Mr. Taubeneck went out the tears rolled down his cheeks in great, genuine sympathy for the suffering he felt sure would come with the morrow."

"I started for the National Hotel early next morning. About half way down I was accosted by a well known citizen of Washington who told me that he had attended a meeting of the police and to us, and he had proposed that for the sake of the nation and in the interest of organized society both Coxey and myself should be placed out of the way and that he would do the job. I thanked the man for sparing us and for his confession, which he said was sincere, for, since he had seen us, he said he could not have carried out his bloodthirsty offer to the authorities; he had been softened somehow. He is a well known military man and writer, but I will not give his name unless sometime he authorizes me to do so."

"But, as I said before, I shall never

forget the passage of the Commonwealth on Pennsylvania avenue, just after we had passed the National Hotel and the man had taken little Legal Tender out of the phonon into the hotel. That scene was witnessed by thousands and had a peculiar effect, akin to moving women and children to the rear in preparation of battle. The street was so solidly packed that it was difficult that the police could clear a passage for us.

"A cheer started with the baby episode and was taken up and seemed to go in advance of us clear to the capitol, and then another followed it like waves coming in on the seashore. The Peace monument was reached by the head of the column, where it ceased. The day was perfect, the sun warm and no wind. I took a glance backward to Mr. Coxey; he smiled; everyone noticed it. The reporters spoke of it in their reports as a signal of something. I saw the Commonwealthers coming steadily on with their peace flags flying and determination to do to the city what the waves come forward to the blue and gray soldiers in front of me, one on each side of the goddess of peace, and she, in her purity and simplicity, seemed to take on a grand air like a sheen to me."

"I noticed the very policeman in the lead were affected. There seemed to be an indescribable something as manifested to all as a flash of lightning, like 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' and I realized then that there had been the topography of the ground and such that we could have done it, we could have pushed right up to the steps of the capitol. The authorities and the people were hypnotized. Even the police sergeant came to me for orders—whether we should turn to the left or right. But by the time we reached New Jersey avenue on B street, the spell was broken. I felt then that the climax had passed; the people's minds had been so centered on the Peace monument that the nature of the movement that they were the subject of the day there, and when it did not take place it disconcerted all."

Mr. Brown modified his opinion of the press considerably, saying that his experience had taught him that there was not so much dictation from Wall street as he had once thought, and was brave enough to acknowledge it publicly. He spoke feelingly of the reporters coming to his cell shortly after his arrest and offering to bail him out.

A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

Some Villain Cut the Tails off of Canton Horses.

CANTON, March 25.—Charles W. Walters and Fred Bookins, who spent Sunday in Massillon, met with an accident while driving home that night, which caused the death of a valuable horse belonging to Callahan's livery stable. The young men were driving along a dark piece of road near Smith's grove when some persons who were driving recklessly collided with this carriage. The horse driven by Mr. Bookins broke loose from the wrecked carriage and ran away. Blinded by the electric lights on entering the city the animal dashed against the Tuscarawas street bridge and broke its neck. The young men were not injured.

Charles Steese today began an action in court against Benjamin Umbenhour, Mary Bowers, Edward G. Bowers, Cora Umbenhour and Jacob Umbenhour. In the petition it is claimed that Benjamin Umbenhour and his wife, now deceased, mortgaged their property as security for four promissory notes—three for \$900 each and one for \$150. The time specified has expired and said notes yet remain unpaid. The defendants, Jacob Umbenhour and Benjamin Umbenhour, are adjudged entirely insolvent, therefore the plaintiff asks that he may be subrogated to all the rights of Jacob Umbenhour in said mortgage, and that the plaintiff's claim be found due by the court, and unless paid by a day to be named the real estate may be ordered sold and the proceeds applied to the payment of the judgment. Pease, Baldwin & Young are the plaintiff's attorneys.

In the case of Charles Steese vs. Benjamin Franklin Umbenhour and others, an answer by Jacob Umbenhour was filed this morning. The latter admits that in April 1881, B. F. Umbenhour and his wife executed and delivered to him certain mortgage deed. The defendant also says that this mortgage was given as security for four promissory notes, and that said mortgage was given to indemnify him, Jacob Umbenhour. He also admits that said notes became due and were not paid, and have been from time to time renewed. He joins with the plaintiff, and prays the court to order the property thus mortgaged sold and the proceeds applied to the judgment.

A Panther Makes Trouble.

The farmers living near New Hagers-town, a village 35 miles south of this city on the W. & L. E. railway, have been thrown into a state of excitement over the frequent raids of some wild animal upon their sheep folds. It is the general supposition that this animal is a panther, for in several cases large sheep have been carried some distance into the timber after being slain. On the Tucker farm the panther was attacked by a large and powerful dog, but the latter returned to the house badly used up. The dog was terribly clawed and bitten. A hunting party will be organized.

He Settled a Difficulty.

President J. J. Mossop, of the miners' organization, was called to Justice last week to settle a dispute that had arisen between the operators and the miners of the Howells mine at that place. The miners had been reduced from \$1.03 per ton to 81 cents per ton shortly after the national strike had been settled, and their employers wanted them to come down to 80 cents. They refused and had been on strike two weeks. Mr. Mossop was summoned and adjusted the difficulty, the miners gaining their point.

Perry's Case in Court.

CANTON, March 26.—The damage case of Samuel Perry against the Canton-Massillon Electric Railway Company is progressing very slowly in court today. The examination of the plaintiff's witnesses has not been completed, but it is possible that a verdict will be reached sometime tomorrow. Dr. Ambler testified that he could discover no evidence of permanent injury to Perry's person.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

THEY WILL NOT SIGN IT.

CANDIDATES FOR THE COUNCIL HEARD FROM.

The Trades and Labor Assembly Takes Up the Market House Question—Candidates Refuse to Sign the Pledge Offered to Them.

The Massillon Trades and Labor Assembly has sent blank pledges to all Republican and Democratic candidates for council, with the exception of Arvine Wales, Rep., and Perry Young, Dem., of the fourth ward. Nobody can even guess why they were not so favored. The following is a copy of the pledge:

MASSILLON, O., March 25, 1895.
To the Trades and Labor Assembly of the City of Massillon:
Believing as I do that the prosperity of the people as a whole depends upon the majority of the people retaining the greatest share of the products of their labor, which cannot be accomplished if middlemen are allowed to charge nearly as much as the cost of an article's production, merely for the handling of the same, therefore I do hereby pledge my sacred honor if elected councilman at the forthcoming election to vote and work and do everything honorable in my power to aid in the construction and maintenance of a free market house in the city of Massillon, where farmers may place on sale each day all kinds of their products direct to the consumers.

What action the candidates will take in every case is not known. The Populists are already pledged to the market-house scheme. All the others seem averse to entering into written contract concerning their future duties, and Messrs. Huber and Kramer of the second and first wards, respectively, have already written this reply to the Assembly:

MASSILLON, O., March 26, 1895.
To the Trades and Labor Assembly, Massillon, O.
Gentlemen:—In answer to your circular letter received by us from Mr. Wm. Brown, permit us to say that if our election to the Council depends upon any pledge to any organization or any individual our defeat is assured. As we understand the situation we are the candidates of the Republican party and we are not aware that they require any pledge from any of their candidates.
Very truly yours,
H. HUBER,
H. V. KRAMER.

LIVELY WEST LEBANON.

Coal Drilling Resumed—A Preacher's Farewell.

WEST LEBANON, March 25.—A number of coal drillers in the employ of the Wainwright Coal Company have commenced operations on the farm of John Swisher, situated about two miles north of this place. They have reached a depth of 112 feet.

The Mullins Coal Company's drillers have resumed work also on the property of Robert Bashford.

The Rev. Mr. Floto preached his farewell sermon at the Lutheran church on Sunday. The edifice was crowded to the doors. Many people were moved to tears at the thought that this was probably the last time they would ever listen to his sermons.

Mr. Miller, the miner who injured in the Goat Hill mine some time ago, has entirely recovered. It was at first thought that he would die.

LAND AT GOOD PRICES.

West Lebanon Property Selling at High Figures.

WEST LEBANON, March 27.—Several real estate transfers have taken place in this village lately, that have caused much talk among the citizens. H. V. Stahl, a farmer, residing east of this place, has purchased a lot 50x200 feet, of Daniel Spangler, for \$150. It is a corner lot in a good location but it is considered an excellent price for land in this village.

Mrs. Mary Clipp, a widow, living near West Lebanon, has bought a lot 50x200 feet which is owned by August Grubis, who lives near Canton, for \$255. This lot is situated on a back street and is not in as desirable a location as the Stahl property. It is not known what Mrs. Clipp intends to do with the newly purchased property, but she evidently intends to speculate a little. She is very wealthy and takes great pleasure in dealing in real estate.

A Fire in the Country.

A house of eight rooms situated near Stands church, the property of Squire William Oberlin, burned to the ground Sunday afternoon. The house was tenanted by Otto Oberlin, a son of Squire Oberlin. Mr. Oberlin and his family had just finished eating their dinner when a slight puff of smoke was seen to issue from the attic. An investigation was at once made and it was found that the garret was all ablaze. An alarm was at once sent to the neighbors, who by their combined efforts succeeded in saving most of the household goods. The house was two stories high and was valued at \$1,800. The loss is partly covered by insurance. A defective fire was probably the cause of the conflagration.

Cutting Telephone Rates.

The Central Union has cut telephone rates at Canton to the same figures that apply to Massillon. Now subscribers who have signed old contracts will get the benefit of the lowered terms. At Alliance a reduction has been made of 25% for business houses, and 33 1/3% for residences. This will make the annual rental of telephones for business houses \$36, and those for private residences \$21.

Crushed His Toes.

A farmer named Smith, residing near Navarre, had two toes of his left foot mashed Tuesday afternoon while hauling stone north of Massillon. Smith was adjusting something about his horses' harness when they started the heavy wagon passing over his foot with the above result. He was taken to Dr. Rubsam's office. It was necessary to amputate both toes.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Have you used THE BEST? NICOTINE the active principle, NEUTRALIZED



It will delight YOU as a chew or a smoke

ANTI-NERVOUS ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

MANY THINGS TO SETTLE.

OPERATORS ARE STILL APART ON SEVERAL POINTS.

The Announcement That an Exchange has been Formed Premature—Some of the Proposals Being Discussed—All Agreed That Something Must be Done.

Although it has been stated as a fixed certainty, in Cleveland, that a Massillon coal exchange had been formed, designed to correct certain difficulties and do away with unhealthy price cutting, it is learned today from the highest authority that the steps taken are of a tentative character, and that no effectual combination has been created. Several plans have been submitted, and a great deal of discussion has taken place. Data has been put into shape, and a committee has been set to work to ascertain the present producing capacity of the Massillon mines. Until this last task is finished nothing further will be done, as the actual operations of the united Massillon coal company will be voted upon on the basis of one vote for each thousand tons producing capacity.

One outlined plan suggests a corporation with a capital stock of \$40,000, to which all coal sold at an agreed price, but all correspondence in relation to sales to pass through the company making the sale. The exchange, or clearing house, or whatever it may be called, will then retain a percentage of the amount of all sales, and at the end of the year there will be a general reckoning, and companies whose sales have been less than their quota will be paid in proportion thereto. This matter of evening up sales, and preserving the identity of each local company, causes great difficulty, and there are many other issues all of which must be handled with care. Apparently the only proposition upon which all the operators are definitely agreed is that something must be done to prevent sales at ruinously low prices.

The Island of Formosa

Is Where Our Camphor Comes From.

It seems probable that China will lose this beautiful island of the Pacific. China annually ships about four hundred thousand pounds of camphor to various parts of the world, and most of it is obtained from the Island of Formosa; so China is in a fair way to lose one of her most valuable bits of land. Whetstone, who has visited this island, in speaking of it, says that the camphor trees are covered with the most beautiful of bright green leaves, and the air in the vicinity is filled with the spicy, aromatic odor of the tree. It is a curious fact that the Chinese sell their own camphor, and pay a hundred times the price they get for it for the Malay Camphor, of which they take the entire product, but very little finding its way to foreign ports. This camphor is grown farther down the coast on the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. Camphor is called by the Chinese "The Great Medicine," from its wonderful soothing and healing power. It is not surprising then that a remedy that combines these camphors and other camphor compounds, would afford inflammation, and soothe and quiet exposed or diseased parts, and would meet with a wonderful sale. Pretzinger Bros., well known chemists, have in their Catarrh Balm not only the little-known and rare Malay Camphor, but also the common camphor of commerce, as well as other camphors and camphor compounds. What a wonderful relief these camphors carry in the form of this balm tens of thousands of people can attest. Used freely, a diseased membrane or sore spot in the passage to the head will be quickly cured, while graver cases of catarrh or diseases of the head will yield readily. Have you tried the "great medicine?" If not, ask for Pretzinger's at the first drug store you meet, and see if you can distinguish the delicate odor of the Malay Camphor in the preparation while you are using it. If you like, send a two cent stamp to Pretzinger Bros., Chemists, Dayton, Ohio, who will send you a small sample free.

Beware of Quackery for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

Mystic Cure for rheumatism and neuralgia radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by P. Morganthaler, druggists, Massillon.

COURT HOUSE AND COUNTY.

The Perry Case on Trial—Probate Court Intelligence.

CANTON, March 27.—The case of Samuel Perry against the Canton-Massillon Railway Company, to recover damages for alleged injury, was continued this morning. The examination of the plaintiff's witnesses will not be completed before night. The testimony for the defense will be taken up tomorrow. It is possible that a verdict may not be reached this week. The examinations are proceeding slowly.

PROBATE COURT.

The will of Ignatz Kessler, of Massillon has been filed for probate.

The finance account has been filed in the Minnie Seyer estate, of Perry township.

The bill of Worthy Baldwin, of Lexington township, has been filed.

In the estate of Reuben Shanabrook, of Jackson township, the will has been admitted to probate.

Real estate bond has been ordered in the estate of Reuben J. Wise, of Canton, and a petition to sell real estate has been filed. An order to sell same at private sale has been issued.

In the estate of John C. Rosenberger, of Washington township, land sale has been confirmed.

Inventories and appraisal and bill of sale, has been filed in the Mary Mobley estate, of Lawrence township.

In the guardianship of Fred Dunham, of Canton, an inventory has been filed.

The final account has been filed in the estate of Robert A. Berger, of Bethlehem township.

In the assignment of G. A. Karper, of Canton, a petition to marshal liens was filed.

Claims of the executor was allowed in Jonas Brucher's estate, of Jackson township.

Sale of real estate in the estate of Archille L. Bouche, was confirmed.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Louis Kleinschmitt and Lena Barchfield, of Canton, and Duncan A. Morrell and Linnie A. Shanabrook, of Massillon.

Kicked by a Vicious Horse.

Emanuel Kinsley, a farmer residing four miles west of the city was kicked in the face by a vicious horse on Monday. His cheek was so badly lacerated that Dr. Jones was compelled to insert fourteen stitches in order to draw the wound together. Had the horse been shod the blow would have killed Mr. Kinsley instantly. His wounds are very painful, but are not of a serious nature.

The Young

Are made prematurely aged by diseases (colds, low prevalent) which make them pale, listless, low spirited, morose or irritable in temper, easily tired, forgetful and incapable of all hard work and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even to the third and fourth generation. A complete and scientific treatise on these ailments, their symptoms, nature and proper management, prepared by those who have had a vast and successful experience in their treatment and cure, will be mailed, secure from observation, in a plain sealed envelope, to any one sending, enclosed with, this notice, ten cents (for postage) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Made a Man Happy.

Columbus Grove, O., Aug. 17, 1894. Bayer Medicine Co., Toledo, Ohio: Gentlemen: I have been sick with rheumatism for three years, and used various liniments without improvement. In addition to my trouble, I had the misfortune to break two ribs by being dragged by a cow, and suffered from this accident. One bottle of your Dr. Bayer's Penetrating Oil cured me in 30 minutes of rheumatism, and stopped the pain in my side and chest. I am free from pain, and your Oil has done it. Yours truly, DANIEL WAGNER. Attested—C. P. WEBER. For sale by Druggists.

"Little, But Oh, My!"

Thus ran the refrain to the old song, and the same may be said of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are little, but oh, my! don't they drive away the blues, expel malarial poison and biliousness from the system, cure constipation, sick headache, clear the clogged brain and caused the dejected sufferer to brace up and realize that life is worth living after all!

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in the market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs, colds and croup. A. W. Baldrige, Millersville, Ill. For sale by Ph. Morganthaler.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S

CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder, a son.

George Squires and family have moved to Holmes county.

Miss Flora Schaffner, of Canton, is the guest of Miss Nellie Wernet.

Harvey J. Whipple has entered the employ of Ph. Morgenthaler.

Miss Anna Millhoff, of Canton, is visiting Miss Anna Hess, in East Main street.

Mrs. Albert Armstrong, of St. Paul, Minn., is visiting at the residence of Geo. W. Yost, in East Main street.

The West Side hose department consists of twenty-three members and is now recognized as a full company.

On account of ill health Arthur Bender has resigned his position at the bridge works and will teach music.

Five children of Gustave Kryer, in North street, are reported by Dr. Hallock to be seriously sick with diphtheria.

A. G. Hill, formerly W. & L. E. freight clerk at Wellington, will assume the duties of Wm. Hansen, in the local office.

Mrs. L. Swigart and daughter Lotta, of Canal Fulton, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rubright, corner Mill and Oak streets.

Henry Diehlmann is spending two weeks in the wholesale business houses in Philadelphia and New York, selecting spring goods.

The W. & L. E. linemen are constructing a telephone line between the W. & L. E. offices in Massillon and the Minglewood mine.

John C. Jurgens, father of Joseph H. Jurgens, of Massillon, died on Sunday in Baltimore. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning.

The W. & L. E. have placed on sale an improved form of interchangeable nileage, being of a smaller and much neater pattern than the old issue.

Aid is being sought for the widow of John Ogilthorpe, who was killed in a mine, over a year ago. It is said she will lose her home unless relieved.

Four bronzed figures for the new court house have arrived. There scantly clad ladies will seem to be blowing trumpets in four different directions.

George Eggert, who has been attending a law college at Columbus, for some time past, returned home last night, having completed his law course.

Ernest Hall who for several years has been a resident of Indianapolis, Ind., is spending several weeks with his parents who reside south-west of the city.

Over one hundred instruments are now connected with the Farmers' telephone exchange, and its patrons are finding the service more valuable every day.

A scarcity of eggs is again bothering the grocers. A gilt-edged price is secured for all that are in the market, but many of the grocers are entirely without a supply.

The resignation of the Rev. C. Christiansen was accepted by the congregation of St. John's Evangelical church, on Sunday. His successor has not yet been selected.

Jerome Hagan, the young son of Mrs. Thomas Hagan, had his arm severely injured by having it caught in a coal hopper at the Krause mine, where he is employed.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Mr. Clarence A. Hackett to Miss Ella Wagoner on Wednesday evening, April 30, at the residence of Jacob Wagoner, esq.

A geographical social will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Morgan, in Wooster street, on Friday evening, under the auspices of the West Side M. E. church.

Squire William Oberlin, who was stricken with paralysis last week, has been pronounced out of danger by the attending physician, and his ultimate recovery is now assured.

Navigation has again opened up on the Ohio canal and it is the daily prayer of the canal boat captains that it will remain so. For almost three months ice has prevented traffic.

The Central Union (Bell) Telephone Company has placed long distance telephones in the city engine house, Fire Chief Burkell's residence, Mayor Schott's residence and in his office.

Mr. A. E. Doll and Miss Effie Smith, of Massillon, were married at the U. B. parsonage Monday morning at 9 o'clock by Rev. W. B. Leggett, and took a C. & L. W. train for Lorain, O., where they expect to make their home.

The funeral of Margaret May Wendling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wendling, took place Monday afternoon. Stella Grass, Maggie Smith, Lizzie Morgan and Maggie Gannon carried the body of their little friend from the house.

The funeral of the late Colonel Thomas S. Webb took place Monday. Many old time family friends were present. The pall bearers were I. B. Dangier, Isaac Weirich, Wm. Castleman, James Peacock, Joseph Coleman and Jacob Wetter.

Alonzo Fisher who so mysteriously disappeared from the home of Benjamin Doll some time ago, returned yesterday. He had been down to his old home at Nevada, O., and was surprised to learn that his absence had caused so much trouble.

In Justice Paul's court Dr. D. S. Gardner has begun suit against the Stark county infirmity directors to recover \$85.75. The amount is due, it is alleged, for medical services rendered. The case has been set for hearing on Wednesday, April 3.

Charles Shaver, engineer on the C. & L. W. railway, received a very severe burn by steam escaping from his engine yesterday. The entire skin peeled off from his left hand and arm, near the elbow. He is being cared for by the company's surgeon, Dr. Hallock.

A sad accident befell Eugene Barr, aged 13 years, a son of Wm. Barr, of Vine street, living near the city cemetery, at 11:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. While attempting to jump on a moving train in the west yards he was thrown under the

wheels and his left arm was cut off near the shoulder.—Alliance Review.

The New Hagerstown panther is still at large and its raids upon the farmers' sheep are becoming more frequent. The animal has been seen by several farmers who have had occasion to be out at night. It is very ferocious and when pressed shows fighting. Several persons have gone gunning for the marauder, but the daylight hunts have been unsuccessful.

Passers-by on North Erie street this afternoon nearly all noticed a horse tied in front of C. E. Oberlin's hardware store, that could boast of a long and gracefully curled mane on its upper lip. The hair was thick and soft, and gave an odd expression to the animal's face.

John Shroader, a resident of Canal street, was injured by a flying fragment of glass while at work at Reed & Co's works Monday morning. The glass struck his hand fracturing two of the knuckle bones and lacerating the surrounding tissues to a considerable extent. Dr. Jones dressed the member and is of the opinion that it will soon heal up.

C. W. Heister left, Sunday, for Lima, where he will make his home in the future. Mr. Heister is a graduate of the Ann Arbor school of pharmacy, and for fourteen years was located in position as pharmacist in Lima, Pa.

He occupied an enviable position as druggist and business man and his absence will cause regret to all his friends, who hope, however, that his change of location will contribute to his financial welfare.

A fine Sunday drew hundreds of visitors to the state hospital, where great progress was noted on the buildings now under cover. Although the seven structures now being constructed are the least notable in point of architectural design, size, and finish, they make a beautiful spectacle and have been created when the full set of buildings crowns the bluff from which the country can be seen for miles around.

Mr. George Park Fisher, jr., escaped from the melancholy atmosphere of Canal Dover, where he is temporarily engaged, long enough to spend Sunday in Massillon. Mr. Fisher takes a mild interest in the local campaign, being an aspirant, so it is said, for the office of engineer.

Mr. Charles Rush Miller also said he was willing to undertake municipal engineering responsibilities, and, strange to say, he and Mr. Fisher are boon companions.

Frank M. Cole, a telegraph operator who was employed by the W. & L. E. Company, in this city, during the winter, but who was discharged recently for drunkenness, was maimed by a freight train at Norwalk on Sunday.

He was attempting to vault the moving train. He was crippled, having the use of but one leg, and thus impeded, he lost his hold and fell under the wheels. His sound limb was cut off between the knee and ankle.

Captain Asa Cutler received a letter from his brother-in-law in Newcomerstown, today, stating that a contract was closed Saturday morning, whereby the New Philadelphia pipe works are to be re-erected in Newcomerstown. The town is to pay a bonus of \$30,000 and twenty acres of land. The company will invest \$80,000, and guarantee a given tonnage for ten years.

Captain Cutler is informed that the Marietta road offered the lowest freight rate in Ohio, and that the Panhandle then came to it.

John Lowe, sr., and A. Y. Gordon attended a spiritualistic seance held at the rooms of E. R. Kidd, the Canton shirt manufacturer, Monday night. Both gentlemen received communications from departed friends. Mr. Lowe not only received letters, but shook hands with a deceased son-in-law and aunt.

The hand which traced the writing protruded from a curtain in full view of its recipient and business like manner. The seance was conducted by a young medical student, named Mansfield, from the homeopathic medical college of Cleveland. Mansfield is a young man, probably 27 years of age, and will graduate from college today. A trumpet seance will be held on Thursday evening, and those who attend will be given an opportunity to converse with friends who are dead.

He Couldn't Drive Nails. Jonas Swartz, of Massillon, Ohio, relates an experience all the more wonderful because he is now nearly seventy. He says: "I wouldn't take \$100 for the good Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer has done me. I always worked hard and was careless about a little stomach trouble I had and sleeplessness, which I suppose accounts for the nervous trouble which struck me about four years ago. Limbs of my right side got so I couldn't control them; at times I couldn't hold a cup in my hand to drink from it, and in a crowd would unconsciously hit people with my jerking right arm. The doctors called it nervous paralysis and said that, at my age, I couldn't be cured. I saw Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer advertised in the Repository and got a sample bottle of it, which I thought I have used three bottles, and they have made a steady man of me. I have not felt as well in the four years and am still improving. Why, for two years I couldn't drive a nail." Mr. Goldinger, in whose store the interview took place, fully corroborated Mr. Swartz's statement, saying his cure was a surprise to all who knew of the case. We are authorized to say, this medicine for control and cure of all nerve trouble, is sold by Z. T. Baltzly, F. E. Seaman and Ph. Morgenthaler and by all druggists.

From Sireto Son. As a family medicine Bacon's Celery King for the nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have kidney, liver or blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have indigestion, constipation, headache, rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. McCuen, the leading druggist, 15 West Main street, is distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50¢ and 25¢.

For seven years or more Mrs. W. D. Louder, of Quincy, Ky., was subject to severe attacks of cramp colic. Mr. S. R. Morse, a druggist of that place, recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has effected a permanent cure, saving her much suffering besides the trouble and expense of sending for a doctor, which was often necessary. For sale by P. Morgenthaler.

CAST INTO DARKNESS.

The Council's Supply of Light Cut Off.

PURCHASING THE TOWN CLOCK.

One of the Last Meetings of the Old Council—Proposed Increase of Treasurer's Salary Defeated by Circumstances—Side-walk Improvements Ordered.

The regular business session of the city council was held last night. Messrs. Hering, Paul and Lucius were absent. While City Clerk E. B. Bayliss was engaged in reading the minutes of the last meeting some person entered the hall below and turned off the electric current leaving the chamber in total darkness. Electrician Ira Fisher, being present, righted matters in an instant.

A report from Mayor Schott acknowledged the receipt of a resolution, passed by the council on March 10, authorizing the property owners in North East street, to lay flag-walks, and stated that notices had been served on March 23 to the following persons: H. Howald, Bernhard Young, E. B. Wilson, Frank Kohl, Charles Moore, Jesse J. Pitts, John Reed, H. Coleman, J. T. Smith, C. Cole, Henry Souhalter, J. M. Schuckers, Laura Taylor Gleason and E. B. Lighthead. Like notices were also issued and presented to the following property owners in East Oak street: Thomas Masters, Francis Cassler, Clement Russell, trustees of the Christian church, trustees of the Episcopal church, and E. L. Arnold. The report was accepted and spread upon the minutes on motion of Mr. Segner.

An ordinance to establish a grade on South Prospect street was read for the first time.

Mr. Segner, chairman of the fire committee reported in favor of placing a fire alarm box in South Erie street, opposite the W. & L. E. bridge. On the vote to accept the report and instruct the fire chief to locate the box, Messrs. Reed and Graze voted no, and Messrs. Young, Matthews and Segner yes. President Young pronounced the motion carried.

Mr. Reed appealed from the decision of the chair, claiming that three-fourths vote of the whole council was required to expend money. This appeal was withdrawn upon Mr. Matthews presenting a motion to refer the matter of locating the fire box to the council as a whole.

Mr. Matthews, of the water committee, reported in favor of placing a fire plug in Edna street. On Mr. Reed's motion the report was accepted, and the committee was authorized to locate the plug.

Mr. Segner of the finance committee, to whom the matter of borrowing the balance necessary for the purchase of a town clock was referred, reported that Chas. Stree had agreed to take the city's note for \$400 for \$500. On Mr. Reed's motion the finance committee of the council and the board of trade committee were ordered to purchase the clock.

Mr. Reed, of the committee on salaries, in regard to the proposition presented at the last meeting to increase the city treasurer's salary \$100 per year, stated that an investigation revealed the fact that a resolution to that effect must be passed ten days before election, and that it was now too late to take action. The report was accepted and filed.

A resolution presented by Mr. Graze, authorizing the construction of sidewalks and curbs and gutters on the east side of East street, between Plum and North streets, was adopted. Property owners will straightway be notified to begin work within thirty days.

The engineer, D. C. Borton, was notified to establish a new grade on East street, between Cherry and Plum streets, by the adoption of a second resolution by Mr. Graze.

Newman. Howell Williams and family, of Canal Fulton, visited T. Jefferson Morgan on Monday.

Miss Maggie Rummus is now at home enjoying her vacation, after closing a very successful term of school at East Greenville.

Fred Wylie, of Massillon, made our village a flying business visit on Thursday last week.

Secretary-Treasurer of sub-District No. 6, miners' organization, A. L. Williams, was kept quite busy part of last week distributing constitutions and by-laws among the miners.

Matthew English, David Johns, Mr. Fox, C. A. Kouth and Conrad Kline, representatives of our companies, are making a tour of all the mines in the district for the purpose of consolidating the coal interests of the district.

Our brick works will start up full force on April 1, running ten hours per day. This proves the manager, Mr. Hipp, to be a hustler, as he went to Cleveland and other places and secured contracts sufficient to run his works all summer.

Squire Lewis Rich, of Canal Fulton, combined business with politics and spent an hour in our village last Wednesday.

Our public school vacated last Friday for one week. The exercises, under the management of our efficient teacher, Will Smith, were highly complimented by all our householders.

Daniel Blier, of Canal Fulton, received the contract for building the new schoolhouse in District No. 5 for \$1,700.

It is quietly whispered that a wedding will take place shortly after the East Greenville clock closes.

Quite a number of our people attended the township Sunday school convention at Canal Fulton last Sunday, and all were highly gratified with the exercises, both afternoon and evening. Supt. E. A. Jones, of Massillon, again demonstrated the fact that he possesses a wonderful store of knowledge on any subject; no matter whether it be educational, religious, political or any other topic, he can make it interesting.

Joseph Reese and family stopped here for a day while en route to Oregon to prospect for a large company. We wish him the best of success.

If you want a pair of fine boots or shoes, hand made, to order, you can get them at 21 West Main street. Shoes made in all styles, sewed or pegged. Repairing promptly and neatly done. Open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Herman R. Hintz.

WILLING TO MARRY BROWNE.

Female Persons Respond to His Call for a Volunteer.

The Corey non-interest bearing bond bureau has a very interesting matrimonial attachment to it now. Nearly every mail contains missives of love to Secretary, erstwhile Chief Marshal Carl Browne, in answer to his proposal to be married on the Capitol steps on the first of next May. The "demons" are evidently doing their part. It is impossible to get to know the contents of these letters, or see the photographs that come in some of them, as the recipient says he shall treat them all sacred and return them to their senders after the 20th of April, at which time, for some unexplained reason, he will make his choice. If all. He goes about with the air of a person who knows just where is located a gold mine. No one knows of it but himself. Certain it is there are women in the United States who are willing to take the chief marshal of the Commonwealth for "weal or woe."

Elton.

The Boughman brothers made a business trip to Wooster, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Baughman, sr., were the guests of his brother, David, one day this week.

Samuel Warwick paid a brief visit to his father and friends, recently.

Theodore Blocher is visiting relatives at Massillon and Canton this week.

Will Harrold and little niece, Grace, spent a day last week in the country.

Miss Myrtle McKinney is visiting her parents at Redoubt, this week.

Master Harold Coe, a dear little man of two and a half years, accompanied Mr. C. E. McFarren home on Saturday, and by his winning ways made friends of everybody.

Mrs. Amanda Crist has gone to Canton on an extended visit with relatives.

Manias Harrold and family spent the first day of the week with his mother.

Mrs. H. E. Blocker was the guest of Mrs. E. M. Beck, last week.

Frank Hawk has gone to St. Joe, Mo., to visit his uncle.

Work is pretty steady at the mine, but the price they receive is so low that after the living expenses are taken out very little is left for debts or for the "rainy day."

Mr. Eaton.

A spark from the chimney started a blaze on James Purcell's house, Tuesday. A few buckets of water extinguished the fire with but little damage.

The funeral of Mrs. Peter C. Smith, took place Friday at 10 o'clock, conducted by the Rev. J. C. Smith of the Reformed church. Her age was 75 years, 11 months and 10 days, and she was buried in the West Lawn cemetery.

George Kimmel, an old pioneer of this place, is not expected to live.

Our undertakers, Messrs. Desvoignes & Klein, had a busy week, having a funeral for every day except Saturday.

North Law return.

The branch missionary society of the East Ohio district will meet Tuesday and Wednesday at Beach City. Mrs. Newstetter, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Farmer, Teemy Harshy, Jane Pollock and Daisy Farmer are in attendance.

Davy Newstetter's youngest boy has been very sick with lung fever.

H. H. Shriver spent Monday with his old friend and neighbor, John Deneke.

The Lawrence township Sunday school convention at Canal Fulton, Sunday and Sunday evening, was well attended, and was one of the most instructive ever held in this community.

Dan Blier was awarded the contract for the construction of the new schoolhouse in the Dover district.

Mrs. Mook and Miss Lizzie Newstetter were shopping in Massillon last Saturday.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Storm, near College Hill, was burned to the ground on Monday.

The Endeavor meeting Sunday night was unusually interesting.

The Rev. Siffert, of Navarre, will preach at the chapel Sunday and Sunday evening.

Vernon Jackson will be the leader of the Christian Endeavor meeting on the 31st. Topic, "All for Christ."

Samuel Eschlinian is making extensive improvements on his dwelling house.

The chapel and Lawrence were well represented at the convention.

Crystal springs.

CRYSTAL SPRINGS, March 26, 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bausher have returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Canton. Mr. Bausher has greatly improved with his injuries.

Charles Baker has his forefinger severely injured while assisting to drive a pipe in the brewery.

John A. Williams has moved to Newman.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fritche, a son.

Several cases of measles are reported in this neighborhood.

Some miscreants broke the lock on the Wm. Fasbaugh house, and ran it about two miles from its destination. Mr. Fasbaugh has offered a reward of five dollars for the detection of the guilty party.

East Greenville.

Thomas Stanford has started a little business at his residence, second door east of Tombow & Koeler's blacksmith shop.

Plenty of horses for sale in Greenville at present. We can buy a live "bone yard" for less money than a little boy's rocking horse.

Our literary society has closed for this season. The people of this village have been well pleased with the meetings under the management of our young people.

Miss Lillie Edwards, of Cleveland, is visiting her father, Richard Edwards, and friends, in our village, this week.

Dan Thomas and family expect to move to Dalton about the latter part of this week.

At present the whole neighborhood is improving in health. Almost all of our sick people are getting better and are on the streets again.

Our public schools have closed for this term, and expect to give a grand entertainment next Friday and Saturday evenings.

Mrs. Paul Kimber visited friends here last Sunday.

TRAIN ROBBERS KILLED.

A Bold Attack on a Queen & Crescent Train.

THE ATTEMPT IS DEFEATED.

Three Armed Guards Open Fire on the Six Robbers, Killing Two and Wounding a Third—Three Others Escape—The Express Company Well Satisfied.

(By Associated Press to The Independent.)

CINCINNATI, March 27.—One mile north of Greenwood, Ky., at 2:30 a. m. today, six robbers stopped train No. 3 on the Queen & Crescent road, which left here at 8 o'clock last night, just as it emerged from tunnel No. 9. The Adams Express Company had three guards on the train. F. R. Griffin, the special agent of the Queen & Crescent, and two assistants. As soon as Griffin saw that the men were robbers he and his men opened fire upon them. One robber was killed outright, one died at 4 o'clock this morning and a third, giving his name as Miller, is at Greenwood, seriously wounded. The others fled. It was all over and the train proceeded in ten minutes. It reached Chattanooga on time. General Manager Barnett, of the Adams Express Co. is delighted with the result, as it shows that the plan of sending secret service men with messengers, while costly, is more economical than running down robbers after they have stolen money.

Engineer Tom Springfield, of the train that encountered the robbers, says a man signalled to him with a lantern. He stopped the train. The man got in the cab with a long pistol, and ordered him to stay where he was. Firing was heard in the express car. The fireman looked out and said they had killed two men. The man then backed off the cab and told the engineer to go ahead. He soon found a wounded man on the tender and left him at the first station.

Conductor Gorman says he got off the rear end of the train when it stopped. He heard firing, got on the train, and went forward. He found that three robbers had entered the baggage car. One held the engineer and one remained on the ground.

As soon as the train stopped, Detective Algood stepped on the front platform. The robbers yelled "hold up your hands." Algood fired. Griffin and Eddy joined Algood. A fusillade followed. One robber was killed, one mortally wounded and one badly wounded. The wrecking train followed and took the three detectives and their prisoners.

Bolivar.

Mrs. Lou Myers has purchased the Olinhausen property.

Wm. F. Zuravern will move into the Kline property, near the Methodist church, April 1.

There are rumors of a new butcher shop, also a new millinery store, in town.

We have just learned that our friend, John Dietrich, has been married to Miss Braintyne.

Word has been received from the county seat that neither the Republican nor Democratic nominations in this township were filed in time for publication. This will make it rather inconvenient for some people who are not in the habit of doing much writing.

The winter term of the Lawrence township schools will close this week. Nearly all of the schools will have an entertainment on the evening of the last day.

You're No Idea.

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25¢ per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

Relief for Rheumatism.

"This information," said a well known physician to a correspondent of the Telegram, "may save many lives; at any rate it will prove an invaluable boon to people suffering from rheumatism in any form."

Rheumatism is caused by acidity of the blood. It should never be neglected. This remedy, as I know by long practice, is very efficacious and it is as simple as it is powerful.

"Here it is," he added, "When rheumatism twinges is experienced, the patient should buy a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Eucalyptic Remedy and take one teaspoonful in milk or water to suit the action of the bowels, three times a day, and continue daily until the last vestige of the malady has disappeared. That's all, but if taken as I have prescribed, it will save many doctors' bills, and no medicine of pains, aches and swellings. I've never known it to fail."—Albany, N. Y., Telegram.

All leading teachers of cookery use

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER.

"Pure" and "Safe."

Always makes light wholesome food.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York, Successors to Cleveland Brothers.

WERE NOT AUTHORIZED.

MR. GEISE SHUDDERS.

The Eminent Weather Prophet Concludes to Reform.

Weather Prophet Geise has signed the pledge. Of late Mr. Geise has indulged very freely in bad whiskey, and the effect of the fire water upon him has not been a pleasant one. Tuesday morning upon awakening he made seven efforts to arise from his bed, all of which were fruitless. He became frightened, and resolved then and there that if he was ever able to arise he would abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. He succeeded in getting up at last, and although visions of snakes of many colors still floated before his eyes, he regained his composure and has stood manfully by his pledge ever since. One day last week Mr. Geise went out to sixteen school house on a hunting expedition. On the way he became very drunk, and he shudders at the thought of what might have happened had he attempted to discharge the gun.

Those Letters from the Trades Assembly.

No Authority for

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Premonitory Symptoms of Imperial Impetuosity.

DISMISSED FROM THE SERVICE.

Participation in the Corsican Uprising Costs His Commission in the French Army—Imbued With Revolutionary Ideas—Vagaries of a Genius.

[Copyright, 1905, by John Clark Ridpath.] VI.—GENIUS IN A QUANDARY. At this stage, rapidly becomes the chief characteristic of Bonaparte. He darts from place to place with astonishing celerity, and in many instances with insufficient or undiscoverable motives of transit.



NAPOLEON BY APPOINT.

period of fifteen months. His occupations at that place were much like those at Valence and Ajaccio. He performed his military duties in a desultory way, but with more exactitude than the French code of military ethics at that time required. But military duty demanded only a fraction of his time; the rest was given to that intense but fragmentary study by which his mind was trained and supplied with a wide range of information.

The winter of 1788-89 was passed by Bonaparte in his quarters at Auxonne. As yet, Lieutenant Bonaparte had never as a soldier drawn blood, or seen it drawn by others. His restlessness now bore him rapidly on to action. His passion for doing something and for "following his destiny"—a fiction which he was always dwelling upon—led him to commit himself (ambiguously) to the Corsican patriots. His adroitness was such, however, that he kept ever a cord to his purposes whereby he might recover himself for France. In fact, he knew not what thing he would be called to do, or in what cause his sword should first be actually unsheathed. His nature was always to avail himself of the first contingency. Napoleon is doubtless—such was his sleepless vigilance—the only great man of history who never lost an opportunity!

Bonaparte was with his regiment, so-called "of Iron," at Auxonne, when the great Revolution in France began. Within a month from the trifling event at Saurre, the States-General assembled at Versailles. There, on the 5th of May, 1789, the most remarkable political body of modern times went into session, on the condition of France and mankind. There was a procession of great men; a gathering to their seats in the Hall of Mirrors; a seating of six hundred representatives of the people; a looking down from the gallery of the young Baroness de Staël-Holstein on the heads of Riquetti de Mirabeau, the philosophic Volney, the lean Jean Paul Marat, the big young Danton of Aris-sur-Aube, the lithe Camille, the sea-green Robespierre, and the rest.

It was the beginning of the end of much—the opening of a small crevasse in the great dyke whereby a feudal civilization had walled in the destinies of mankind for centuries. Outside that ancient wall lay the roaring ocean, soon to rush in wave on wave, till the deluge, flecked with blood, should rise to the pinnacles of all palaces, and splash the domes of all cathedrals.

The effects of the extraordinary movement thus begun for the reform of the French nation were strikingly diverse in the different parts of the kingdom. France was as yet homogeneous in nothing. The towns of the South, under the loyal sentiments of the old Provencal race, received the news in one spirit, and the towns of the North in another.

On men themselves the news fell from week to week with varying effects according to their personal characters and prejudice of race. In general, they who had imbibed the principles of the new French philosophy either went after the Revolution or ran before it waving a flag. Such a mind was Bonaparte's. No doubt he was a born revolutionist—provided always he could himself control the revolution. His nature was fitted in every part for that state of fruitful anarchy which tends again to order. He was essentially a man for the storm and hurricane, but suited best the after stages of the tempest.

Would not this revolutionary fire in France leap the sea and kindle itself in Corsica? Does not occasion now offer for the recovery of Corsican independence? Does not the path of destiny open by way of Ajaccio rather than by way of

Paris? Or if the cause indeed lies by way of Paris, does it not first extend through the native island? The patriot Paoli resides in English exile; perhaps he may return to Corsica, and we as his lieutenant-in-chief may yet lead the patriots to independence and glory. To sum up all, Bonaparte at this stage was whirling along by the coming storm; but he cautiously kept his bearings, became practical rather than theoretical, and impatiently awaited the opportunity to become great.

Lieutenant Bonaparte remained with his regiment at Auxonne until the 15th of September, 1790. The Revolution had now been in progress a year and four months. The movement had become more and more potent at every step. The ruined Bastille was already a harlot, but glorious, remembrance. At this time Corsica was represented in the National Assembly by two moderate patriots, named Salicetti and Colonna. The royal delegate from the island was the Buttafave whom Chénier had used in establishing the French protectorate in Corsica.

The people of the island were divided into several hostile factions. First of all, there was a royal faction, very few in number, composed of the petty Corsican nobles and the higher ecclesiastics. These virtually constituted the insular "government." Secondly, there was a moderate party favorable to liberalism, but supporting the French protectorate. In the third place, there was a powerful revolutionary party, favoring absolute independence, and seeking by the recall of Paoli to overthrow all foreign authority. This condition of affairs, as well as the deplorable state of his family, induced Napoleon to obtain another leave of absence, and to return to his native country.

On his way homeward, he stopped at Aix; and there he found his brother Lucien. That obstinate personage had withdrawn from the military academy at Brienne, but had failed to secure admission to the theological school at Aix. There he was in poverty and hopelessness, when Napoleon came and conducted him back to Ajaccio. The latter, at Marseilles, visited the Abbe Rayual; but there is no record of what occurred. Once at home, the young French officer was recognized as a man of importance; for he was the only Frenchman in the island possessing a thorough military education.

The project was now on for the organization of the Corsican militia; and Napoleon was necessary for success. He entered into the revolutionary intrigues of the day, moving obscurely and dangerously among the popular leaders, wholly distrusted by the few aristocrats, and identified with the moderate liberals only at the risk of his commission as an officer in the French army. That army was still the King's army; but the officers were nearly all, like Napoleon, infected with revolutionary sentiments to the extent that almost every sword might be said to have Republic dimly etched on the blade.

The history of this period at Corsica is small, treacherous, chaotic. From September of 1790 to the 1st of June, 1791, Napoleon remained in the island, committing himself more and more (but ever cautiously) to the motions of upheaval. Had it not been for the universal dissolution he must at once have suffered arrest and dismissal from the army. From the middle of October until the following February, he oversteered his leave of absence, working all winter at the various intrigues which were rife among his turbulent countrymen. He then devised a plausible excuse which was accepted at headquarters, and the next day procured another extension of his leave! Nor did he cease to flourish among the agitators of Ajaccio until his departure to rejoin his command in May of 1791.

Such had been the shifting connection of Lieutenant Bonaparte with the Iron Regiment that he was almost an unrecognized force in his own division of the army. His absences from the command had far exceeded in duration his presence with it. On returning to France, he was assigned to the Fourth Regiment of artillery, stationed at Valence. His irregularities as an officer had not so far prevailed over the opinion of his great abilities and solid acquirements as to prevent his promotion at this time to the rank of lieutenant en premier.

On the political side, Napoleon was now drawn with great force towards the Revolutionary party in France. Perhaps the notion dawned in him that with the success of the Revolution and the rebuilding of the nation on a new republican basis, Corsica herself, by like revolt and renovation, might join in the common movement to greater advantage than could be gained by naked rebellion. This sentiment was fanned by a proposition made at this time in the Assembly to enlarge the titles of the "King of the French" by adding the names of the Navarrese and Corsicans formally to the list of his subjects. All such intermediary projects came to naught with the crushing of the Revolution. They were soon swallowed up with the King himself, and all kindly things in the deep hell-throat that opened.

But ever and anon the Corsica trend was strong on Lieutenant Bonaparte. Hardly had he got his place in the Fourth Regiment, at Valence, until he broke away again for his native island. There the stage of actual tumult had come. Napoleon was elected lieutenant-colonel of the Second Battalion of the Corsican army. He cautiously accepted the post, but at the same time kept his eye fixed on France. Then, after holding his place in the army of insurgents for less than a month, he suddenly sped away to his regiment on the Rhone. Arriving, he found himself dismissed from the service! JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

A Man of His Word. Officer Boy—Won't you sit down? Mr. Quill left word that he would be back in ten minutes. Client—How long has he been gone? Officer Boy—Oh, 'bout two hours.—Pick Me Up

A FEW MORE JOKES.

CARL DUNDER INSISTS UPON READING THEM TO THE SERGEANT.

Although He Knows the Sergeant Has a Bereavement on Hand, He Is Merciless and Does Not Spare Him—The Almanac Freely Quoted From.

[It is right, 1895, by Charles B. Lewis.]

"Well," queried the fat police sergeant as he looked up from his blotter and saw Mr. Dunder standing before him.

"Sergeant, you will excuse me," replied the caller. "I remember that your father and mother was dead, and I must shut in."

"Yes, you are not going to read me any more of your jokes, are you?"

"Shakes! Ha, ha, ha! Sometimes I have some shakes, and sometimes she has sadness or philosophy. I vill now."

"Please don't, Mr. Dunder! I am very busy today, you know."

"So vvas I verry busy, but I like to make you feel good. Listen now to a thing which vill be in der next number of Carl Dunder's Comic Almanac, vvhich sells all der Europe and Americk."

"Maybe it vill be in mine hand vvhich vvas two in some bushes and maybe not. It depends on der kind of bird der vvas."

"I haf always firmly believed dot honesty vvas der best policy, but der trouble vvas to make der odd run believe it too. He vvas always a keddle shup on dot."

"Some folks haf like some pieces of wood—full of knots, but der grain all mixed up. When you find soch a man, you should be big enough to lick him or small enough to run away from a fight."

"I doan' like to talk to a dumb man, and I doan' like to haf a man vvhich vvas all talk speak to me. I like somebody vvhich vvas half way an orator during a campaign and a mute all der rest der time."

"I sometimes hear two men disputing about Noah and his ark, and I took notice dot dey fight shut as quick after dot somedot dot happened only last week. What we doan' know vvas shut as good ash what we do know, if we can make somebody believe it."

"Nobody can take his riches mit him in to der next world, but he can invest \$50,000 in a monument to stand shut on der edge of eternity. Dot is supposed to be a great consolation to some folks."

"Sometimes a man comes to me and says he has no luck. I talk mit him, and I find he invests \$1 in a lottery and fondly expects to draw \$50,000. My experience in dis world vvas dot a fool and luck vvas in close partnership."

"Latelypody hates a liar, and yet earlypody takes care to speak only so much truth ash vvas't give avhay nottings."

"I like to kill him."

"aboutd himself. If we'll set outd next week to tell der solemn truth, we should be so pleased mit a liar dot vve make him president for life."

"Most men are agreed dot each one of us should do somethings for der peoples to come after us, but I find dot great majority vvas willing to set out a weseberry bush and let it go at dot. Perhaps, however, der coming peoples vill haf an appetite for gooseberries."

"Sometimes I find a man vvhich doan' believe aboutd dot garden of Eden because he nefer saw her. I find, however, dot der same man believes in der whale, although he has nefer within sight of der sea."

"If somebody comes to advise me how to bring up my children, I shenerally find out dot he vvas a young man vvhich doan' get married yet, or a man so old dot he has forgotten how she vvas. Dot vvas natural, however. A man vvhich advice is good for somedings keeps quiet and makes you pay for him."

"When I read der papers dot somebody vvas divorced, I believe I know how she vvas. Dot feller figgers too high on love and too low on meat and potatoes. If people could love and be sensible, too, it would be all right. You can't make bread out of a romance, and you can't fry love in a spider."

"Once in a great while somebody's conscience troubles him so much dot he givs himself oop to der law, but der rest of us keep quiet and go right along shut der same. If we vvas all to giv ourselves oop at der same time, nobody would be left to pass sentence. It vvas verry wise in us to keep quiet."

"If we like a man, it vvas more because he doan' find outd our faults than because we find somedings to admire in him. If somebody injures us, of course we vvas mad about it. If we injure somebody else, we find ourselves even madder yet. I once told a man dot I like his honest opinion of me. He said I vvas a fool, and I vvas so mad I like to kill him. If he vvas a liar and said I vvas smart, he vvas my friend for life."

"Vvull, how you like 'em?" asked Mr. Dunder as he finished reading and looked up.

But the fat police sergeant had quietly slipped into his room, and out on the street, and the almanac maker was alone with his philosophy.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE RAILROAD.

He Sacrificed Himself to Help Matters Along.

The colored porter at the depot was sweeping off the platform when a colored woman about 30 years of age, wearing a mourning bonnet and black gloves, came up the steps from the street and asked him where she could find the boss of the railroad.

"What yo' want of de boss of de railroad?" he queried as he leaned on his broom and looked her over.

"Got to see bout damages."

"What kind of damages?"

"Dis railroad killed my ole man 'bout fo' weeks ago, an I has got to hev damages."

"Hut killed yo'r ole man, eh? Vvhar did dat happen?"

"Down by Taylorsville, sah. Yes, dan randd ole him an smashed him all to pieces. Vvhar kin I find de boss?"

"Look heah, woman," said the porter as he grew excited, "it ain't no use for yo' to cum round heah an ax for de boss of dis railroad an damages an klick up a

now. Dat ole ma' of yo'r must hev got on de track, or he couldn't hev bip hurted. If he vvas on de track, den yo' can't git no damages. How yo' gwine to make out a case?"

"Icy dun tells me I kin git damages," she answered. "Dis railroad got to pay me \$2,000."

"Two thousand dollars? Hut Woman, does yo' know dis railroad vvas in de hands of a deceiver an can't pay no \$2,000? Hut De ideah! Why, if yo' would settle dat case for \$20, dey couldn't pay? If yo' go to de boss an ax fur damages, yo' can't

get a cent, but he vill cum down heah an raise a row wid me, an I'll git de bounce. Let's see how we kin fix it up. How many chillen yo' got?"

"Only two, sah."

"An has yo' got a mawl, an a cart, an a cabin?"

"Yes, sah, got all dat an two pigs an some chickens 'dn fo' acres of cotton in de ground."

"An yo' has dun losted yo'r ole man an wants to git ano' der? I see how de case stands. Dat's perfectly krect. Woman, look heah. I vvas dun ingaled to get married, but Ize gwine to broke it off. Dis railroad can't pay no \$2,000. If yo' jump on us fur damages, de railroad vvas be busted all to smash, an de kyars can't run no mo'. Ize gwine to sacrifice myself to keep dis railroad running."

"How yo' mean?" she asked.

"Ize gwine to marry yo' an stop de damages. Yo' jess gimme yo'r name an go back home, an next Sunday, 'bout 9 o'clock in de mawnin, I shall be dar wid de preacher to marry yo'."

"But I—I—"

"Dat's all right. Yo' lose one husband an git ano' der, an de damages an stopped, an de railroad keeps right on running, an de boss can't lay no blame on no man. Run long, now, an spect me next Sunday, an all aboard dis beah train for Birmingham an Montgomery!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Mr. Glover's Accident Makes Him an Object of Sympathy.

SOME HOME HAPPENINGS—Saturday afternoon last Mr. J. C. Glover, the urbane proprietor of the Last Chance saloon, met with a painful accident, which will keep him in bed for some weeks to come.

Shortly after 2 o'clock a mule whacker whose name is unknown entered the saloon and called for a cocktail, and when he had gulped it down he refused to pay for it on the ground that it wasn't up to the present cocktail. Mr. Glover felt justified in pulling his gun on the man, but in so doing it was accidentally discharged, and he received the ball in his right foot. Although in great pain, he fired two shots, but the stranger got away unhurt, and the \$25 clock on the wall was badly damaged by one of the bullets. Major Henderson, who entered the saloon a few minutes later, cheerfully volunteered to go out and find the mule whacker and pop him over, but his search of an hour proved fruitless. Mr. Glover has the sympathy of the entire community in his misfortune, and were it necessary he could raise \$1,000 to wager that the cocktails drank over his bar are superior to anything between Chicago and San Francisco.

We gave notice through THE KICKER several weeks ago that if anybody's stray mule ran up against us in the street again after dark and began to work his hind legs something would get hurt. Sunday evening last as we were returning home from a sparkling expedition in the suburbs we were knocked down and walked on by an old yellow mule belonging to Colonel Whitley. As soon as we could get up we opened fire with two guns, and after three or four jumps the old beast fell dead.

WE GAVE NOTICE.

Monday morning after we had paid \$1 to have the carcass hauled away the colonel sent us word that if we didn't pay him \$25 he would open fire on us on the street. When we went out to look for him, however, he had gone over to Lone Jack for a week's visit to his brother. We mean business on this mule question. We have been run down, kicked and disorganized and indignity demands that we assume the offensive, and people who turn their animals loose at night must do it at their own risk.

The "Mercantile Poker Parlor," which have been closed for repairs for the last two months, were opened to the public Monday night with music and a free lunch. The ceiling of the main room has been decorated by Mr. George Pearse, a rising young artist of whom we are all very proud. The ground work is sky blue, with a yellow border next to the walls, and the center of the ceiling is taken up with a female angel flying toward the bar for a drink. Her legs are 12 feet long and her arms 5, while she has four toes on one foot and six on the other. These are more trifles, however, and the painting as a whole compares favorably with anything we ever saw from the brush of Rembrandt or Murillo. A full moon and 14 stars and 5 clouds surround the angel, and the effect on the average beholder is

Not Mrs. Hobart.

In the "monument room" at Trinity church is the large marble tablet in memory of the late Bishop Hobart. It is a bas relief, representing the bishop—a portrait—in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the angel of death.

It is said that an aged couple from the rural districts were being shown about the church, and pausing long before the tablet the old lady remarked to her husband:

"That's a good likeness of the bishop, but—regarding the angelic personage attending—'tis a very poor one of Mrs. Hobart. I know her well, and she didn't look like that."—New York Evangelist.

Documentary Evidence.

The slighted maiden leaned toward the jury.

"Did he write his promise?" she repeated in thrilling tones. "Yes, gentlemen. His promise was written on my heart."

"Mark it 'Exhibit A,'" interposed the court.

The bailiff awakened suddenly and hammered the desk with his gavel.—Detroit Tribune.

Wanted No Extremes.

Daughter—Papa, I wish you wouldn't look so fierce when young men call to see me. It frightens them.

Father—How shall I look—meek?

Daughter—Um—not too meek. That might scare them off too.—New York Weekly.

A Wise Precaution.

Lady (in gimcrack furniture store)—Phew! It's freezing cold here!

New Boy—Yes'm. That's to keep the furniture from falling to pieces.—Good News.

one of awe and reverence. The Mercantile is one of our solid and permanent institutions and from the very first has had the reputation of dealing a square game.

Three cowboys from Captain Williams' ranch passed through this town soon after midnight on Tuesday night. In chase of a man who had stolen two horses off the place. The stranger had about an hour's start of them, but was riding at a slow pace, and was evidently not much of a horseman. Wednesday morning he came out on the Pine hill road in company with the coroner and Mr. John Gay, and at 11 o'clock we came across the body swinging from the limb of a tree. From all that we could see the horse thief had died as peacefully as could be expected under the circumstances. There was a look of disappointment on his face, but that is the rule instead of the exception. He no doubt expected to get away with the horses and was put out at being overhauled. The body was lowered and searched for papers, and it was ascertained that the name of the victim of his own ambition was George S. Frost of New Mexico. On a card in his vest pocket was written the word "Excelsior." He had probably adopted it for a motto, but he ought to have known, being a western man, that a dozen mottoes wouldn't help him away with stolen animals unless he had 100 miles the start. Among his papers was a half finished letter to his mother, in which he stated that he had quit swearing, chewing and smoking and hadn't taken a drink in six weeks. He added that he was looking to settle in a place where they had two sermons on Sunday and prayer meeting every Thursday evening. He was buried on the banks of the creek, and we have written his mother full particulars. This makes the tenth horse thief Colonel Williams' boys have exterminated and strung up within the last year, and any young man who may contemplate a raid on horse flesh will do well to hunt for a crowd with less enterprise.

ESCAPING A CALAMITY.

After Reading the Rules, They Decided to Move Out.

I heard the old couple in the room next to mine when they discovered the "rules" tacked up on the door. The old man was trying to work the transom when he caught sight of the card and exclaimed:

"By gosh, Lucy, come here! It says on this card that if we don't put our money in the safe they won't be responsible for it. That looks as if robbers was about, don't it?"

"Of course it does," she exclaimed in reply. "I told ye I didn't like the looks of this tavern as we drive up."

"No washin did in the rooms," said the old man as he struck the next rule. "I didn't expect they'd furnish us with tubs and clotheslines, but that looks mighty stingy."

"No washin, eh?" queried the woman. "Wash, I told ye things had a queer look as we come up stairs."

"Mean, sent to rooms charged extra. That's some more of their stinginess."

"I should say! They'd probably charge a dollar fur bringin up a plate of meat and taters. Samuel, we hev got to in a place where they'll cut our throats to git our money."

"All bills settled weekly and no discount from regular rates," continued the husband.

"Hev we got to stay here fur a week before we kin settle our bill?" she anxiously asked.

"Looks a heap like it, Lucy. I was goin to ask 'em to throw off sunlight on account of my ben overser of highways, but I guess it's no use. Fire escapes at all the hall windows."

"For goodness sake! Then we are liable to be roasted in our beds. Samuel, if they wasn't afraid of fire they wouldn't hev fire escapes, and I wouldn't go to bud here tonight for a million dollars."

"Looks kind of risky, I do declare! Let's see. Gas burned after midnight charged extra."

"And do they expect we are goin to set up till arter midnight for the sake of pay in extra? Samuel, we hev made a great mistake in gettin into this tavern."

"I guess we hev. All damage to rooms to paid for by occupants. Hev we damaged anything?"

"No, except I knocked a cheer over. If they heard the crash down stairs, they'll charge us \$5 or \$3 mobble."

"Bolt the door and secure the transom before retirin," read the old man as he reached the bottom of the card.

"Where's the transom?" asked the wife.

"Durned if I know."

"But what is it?"

"I never seed one as I know of."

"Samuel Parsons," exclaimed the woman as she rushed across the room, "you help me pack our duds into this satchel, and we'll walk right down stairs and out der house. We don't want to be robbed nor murdered, and if we git out alive I shall be one thankful woman. A transom, eh? There was goin to wait till we got to sleep and let it loose on us, but we will walk right out, and if anybody say 'Boo' to me I'll poke my unbroken right through 'em.'" M. QUAD.

COULD HARDLY WALK.

ON ACCOUNT OF RHEUMATISM.

P. H. FORD

—OF—

Quachita City, La.

After

TWO YEARS

Suffering

IS CURED

—BY—

THE USE OF

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

1893

For fully two years, I suffered from rheumatism, and was frequently in such a condition that I could hardly walk. I spent some time in Hot Springs, Ark., and the treatment helped me for the time being; but soon the complaint returned and I was as badly afflicted as ever. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being recommended, I resolved to try it, and after using six bottles, I was completely cured."—P. H. FORD, Quachita City, La.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

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The Way to Get There!

BUY TICKETS OVER THE

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

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LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE

ARGUS-EYED DEMONS.

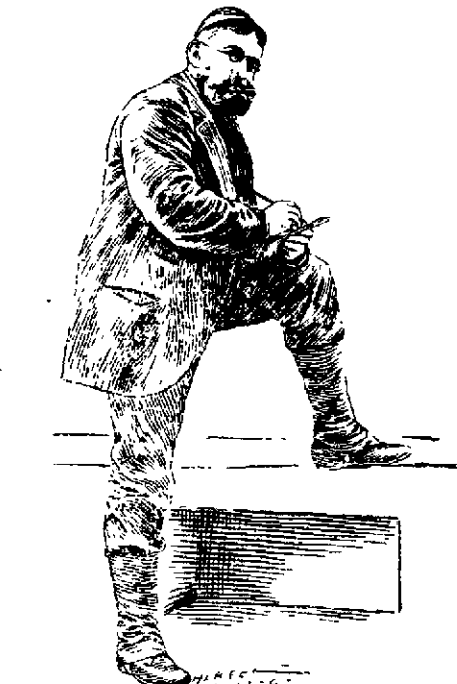
They Will Not Meet in Massillon This Year.

MANY THINGS THAT INTERFERE.

Letters from a Number of Correspondents Who Accompanied Coxey to the Sea—Browne Says He Wants to Get Married, and Invites Proposals.

The proposed reunion of the Argus Eyed Demons of Hell will not be held in Massillon, this evening, for reasons that seem to be different in every case. Some are in California, some in Iowa, some in New York, and with few exceptions all are hedged in by some insuperable obstacle to their presence here, that would make any attempt at a gathering a mockery. In consequence of this state of affairs, the first anniversary of the start of Coxey's army to Washington will pass without celebration by the newspaper correspondents, who hope, however, by making earlier preparation at another time, to meet on common ground again. A year ago, at this time, there were over forty special reporters housed in the Hotel Conrad, and the wires were loaded down with from forty to fifty thousands words each night.

Although the proposed reunion has been declared off, not a few of the members of the guild have sent letters of regret, most of which came at an hour too late to admit of publication. A number



ARCH-DEMON BEACH.

With the kind regards and pleasant memories of a never-to-be forgotten expedition—Coxey's, Yours very truly, ARCH-DEMON BEACH, Pittsburg Times.

were penned for the exclusive attention of the gentle spirits who are deprived of the pleasure of hearing them, and one or two others are subjoined.

FROM HONORABLE JAXON.

One of the picturesque characters of the Commonwealth—who some left it behind by the way, was Honorable Jaxon, the Canadian Indian, who represented the Chicago Times. He writes:

CHICAGO, March 19, 1895. MY DEMON FRIEND—I am in receipt of a summons from the arch-fiend of our hellish band, calling me to solemn convocation for purpose to be unknown, but presumably connected with treason, stratagems and spoil. My gloomy ghost gloats in ghoulish glee over the gore in prospect, but another quest enchains me for this month—that makes the eyes-sore. The trail of an ancient enemy is fresh before me. The embers of his morning fire are yet smouldering beside the battered grass that speaks of his lately recumbent form, and already my gentle fancy deplores his scalp adorning at my belt. Moreover, Scott the Great, even James W., who sitteth at the receipt of Times-Herald custom, and handeth out transportation medicine and wampum bark, hath gone a-hunting with me this trip and declareth that he will hold me no true comrade if at this time of approaching triumph I abandon the war-path even to attend the council of white



ADJUTANT SEYMOUR.

With pleasant remembrances of a retrained expedition through the new holy hills, Bewickley and Jack's hunt across the Allegheny and Blue Ridge mountains, and along a well locked top path, I am as ever yours, C. G. SEYMOUR, Chicago Herald.

wanderers whom I have adopted into my tribe. Is it not practicable to postpone this council until the 17th day of the coming month—that is, in case the suddenness of this summons renders it impossible for even the minimum ten to attend?

Devilishly yours, HONORABLE J. JAXON, Demon Accredited from Chicago Times.

FROM HUGH O'DONNELL. HOMESTEAD, Pa., March 23, 1895. My Dear Brother Demons: I regret more than I can express in

more words that I am compelled to forego the exquisite pleasure of being in your midst on this, the first annual gathering of the "Demons." I had fondly hoped at the time of the breaking up of that "noble band of brothers" that it would be my privilege to meet each and every one of them when the year would have one of its courses; I have, when sleeping, dreamed of such a thing, and in my working hours looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to the time when we should meet once more and re-enact the scenes that obtained amongst the Demons from Massillon to Washington. But, alas, I must deny myself the gratification of the rich, rare feast, the merry quip, droll jest and humorous speech that will be yours who are so extremely fortunate to be present, and I beg of you, my brothers, when amid the throes of a "throbbing paragraph" think on me, and though not with you in the flesh, deem me not absent, for I shall be with you in the spirit, and argus eyed as you are, your vision will behold me—n't! Oh! what a rich, rare treat it is to meet again, for those who labored in a common cause. To meet after long months of separation when the gentle hand of time has softly stroked and smoothed the wrinkled front, when the vibration of jarring sounds have ceased to vibrate upon the sensitive eardrums and which one is in that particular mood of which the poet sings:

"He smiles to think that he could hate, And grieves to think what hate has done, Remembers hot words, and hopes that none have been remembered. All this is gone."

To those of us who followed that crazy aggregation from Massillon, through snow, ice and slush, through mountain pass and by devious paths, that threw the villages of beautiful Maryland, and even when literally, we followed in the wake of the crazy Commonwealthers on the bosom of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal—to those of us, who affid and affirm, followed to the very steps of the nation's Capitol there were none other than the best of feelings, and as Carl Browne said time and again to his deluded followers, "they are a band of brothers," in an endeavor to have them imitate the example set them by the newspaper men.

As our dearly beloved chief has well said in his last general orders, "Friendships were formed on that march that will never be effaced, though we may never again meet face to face." It is with a heart filled with love and affection for all that I pen this at the 11th hour and file it that it may reach you in the height of your merriment.

And now, what shall I say, as to the cause that brings you together? What shall I say of the leaders of the Commonwealth? They are but types of men who have lived in all ages—men who take one-sided views of the social problem, and given the power they are prone to push their deductions to absurd extremes. Men who delight in denunciation of the existing state of things—men who criticize all else recent criticism when aimed at themselves; hence it was to be expected that the Calistoga chieftain, snarling under an avalanche of honest criticism should bestow upon the newspaper men, who were assigned to give him free advertising and raise him from obscurity, a title that endeared them to one another, bound them in closer bonds of fellowship—a title, in short, that each and every one will proudly wear to the end of our lives.

So, good, noble and well beloved Arch Demon and brother Demons all, this is my simple homely message to you, that I hastily penned when I found I was prevented from being present. My heart is with you and may your pleasure this night be unalloyed and may we all live to meet again a year hence, and in the interim take such measures as will insure the getting together of all the Demons at the next anniversary. And, now in conclusion I would ask that you drink this toast from Horace, for I am sure he had in mind the modern reporter when he penned it:

"He that is just and firm of will, Doth not before the fury quake of mobs that instigate to ill. Nor beth the tenant's menace skill His fixed resolve to shrike; Nor auster, at whose wild command The Adriatic billows dash. Nor does he dread the thunder-launching hand, Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand, Serene amidst the crash."

Sincerely and faithfully yours, HUGH O'DONNELL, Demon 13.

BROWNE WANTS TO MARRY.

The mystery has been cleared up. The real reason why Carl Browne has discarded backskin and sombrero and donned a silk tie etc., is that he is going to get married. That is, if the "Argus Eyed Demons of Hell" will assist him. In reply to the question, what are you going to do next May, the luminous light of reformation re-incarnation said, "I am going to ask the boys when they come here to advertise for a girl for me with nerve enough to go on the Capitol steps with me on that day and be married. By that means I will be enabled to make a speech you see unimpaired. I have been studying ever since my arrest last May, how to accomplish that purpose, and I think I have hit it. You see people get married under the Niagara Falls, on the Brooklyn bridge, up in the dome of the Capitol, and it goes all right, so why not on the Capitol steps? I do not think Major Moore will object to that; he is a pretty good fellow after all. I shall probably have the Rev. Mr. Kent of Washington, or the Rev. Harry Vrooman, of Baltimore, or possibly my good friend, Rev. Herron, of Massillon, to be the knut, who ever it is, will ask me, 'if I will obey.' (this is the time of women's equal rights you know,) and I will say 'I will,' and that will be a great speech. It was what Chicago said when she undertook the World's Fair, and it was certainly great. All that is lacking is for the 'Demons' to get the girl with the nerve to send me her photograph to Massillon, with her autograph agreeing to do so, and I will make the necessary arrangements for noon, on May 1st 1895."

NEWS FROM SCHOOL CHILDREN

Another item in response to the recent offer.

ANOTHER TRAMP IN TOWN.

Just before dusk on Wednesday evening the two young sons of Mr. C. M. Whitman entered the barn in the rear of their residence, on East South street. As they reached the top of the stairs they were surprised to see a man, who, hearing their approach, leaped to the floor below and disappeared. The boys immediately reported, and a fruitless search followed. Later, Officer Kitchen arrived and discovered the footprints of a man but nothing more. It is probable that the man, hearing the boys leave the building for help, made a hasty escape in their absence. R. O. W.

Subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT.

COLONEL WEBB IS DEAD.

An Old and Prominent Citizen Breathes His Last.

HIS INTERESTING AND LONG LIFE

Familiar with Massillon's History from the Very Beginning—Experiences as a Hotel Keeper at Philadelphia and Atlantic City—Honored and Respected by All.

Col. Thomas S. Webb died this morning, shortly after 7 o'clock, at his East Main residence. He was surrounded by the members of his family, and retained consciousness almost until the end, when he sank into a sleep from which he was not roused. His death had been expected for some little time, and was due to old age and its attendant weaknesses. Col. Webb has been white haired and venerable for a full generation, but bore his years so gracefully, and filled his intercourse with such intelligence and cheerfulness, that time seemed to run on without adding to his age. His friends had accustomed themselves to regarding him like a well-seasoned oak, until recently, when it became evident that the sturdy frame was slowly giving way to the inevitable demand of nature. The funeral took place at 1:30 p. m. Monday, under the direction of the Rev. Edward L. Kemp.



Colonel Webb came from the Pennsylvania stock with which Stark county is generally peopled. His ancestors, who were English, settled in Chester county, Pa., and were Friends, from whom Col. Webb inherited his simple habits and gentle manner. His family eventually moved to Salem, Columbia county, where he was born May 6, 1808. Thomas S. Webb was the youngest of six children, and at the age of 14 he went to Lisbon, where he learned a trade as saddler, and worked at it for seven years. He married Miss Margaret Harbaugh, originally of Frederick, Md., on September 8, 1832, and in the next year moved to Massillon. Upon his arrival here he found the town in the heyday of its prosperity, and he took advantage of it to open the Franklin House, where he did a large business. He became famous as a host, and formed a wide acquaintance. He left Massillon in 1846 to go to Philadelphia, where he managed the Eagle Hotel for five years, then erected the Union Hotel and in 1855 returned to Massillon, where he purchased a farm and successfully operated it. In 1857 and 1858, he conducted the United States Hotel, at Atlantic City, N. J. In 1863 he re-purchased the Union Hotel, at Philadelphia, and set up his sons in business. Eventually he returned to Massillon, and during that time had charge of the camp while the 10th and 11th U. S. V. were being mustered in. He was commissioned a Colonel by Governor Tod, for this purpose, but owing to his age did not go to the front. His physician forbade his active participation in the war, and when later on he was commissioned by Secretary Stanton, as paymaster, he was compelled to decline this, also. Colonel Webb built the gas works here many years ago, and subsequently sold out to a Philadelphia company. He was something of a horse dealer, and made ten trips to Washington and Baltimore to dispose of stock. During the candidacy of William Henry Harrison for the Presidency he took an active part, and headed many of the processions organized in his honor. In 1836, although the county was strongly Democratic, he ran for sheriff on the Republican ticket, and came within seven votes of being elected. Mrs. Webb died in 1887 in her 73d year. They had six children. Albert, who died at the age of 25, Jesse, who survives, Frank, who died at the age of 44, and three others who died in childhood.

[New York and Philadelphia, Pa., papers please copy.]

Coal Trade Dull.

Much dissatisfaction exists among the miners of this district, and it would be nothing surprising if the discontent would develop into another strike. Of late the mines have not been working steadily, in many cases not more than one or two days per week, and the miners claim that at the existing low rate for mining coal they cannot make their house rent, and to support a family is utterly impossible. Several mines, notably those in the vicinity of Dalton and East Greenville, have temporarily shut down owing to the lack of orders.

Mr. Eaton News.

Mr. Eaton, March 23.—Mrs. Peter Smith, who was stricken with paralysis last Wednesday, died from the effects of the stroke. Mrs. Smith was 70 years of age, and is survived by a husband and family.

The Schaffy brothers and Lewis Kline, who are the defendants in a very unusual lawsuit brought against them by Miss Bachwalter and Mrs. Haverstock, who charge them with burglary and assault, will have their hearing in the second week of April.

Closing of School at Genoa.

The closing day, Friday, of the school at Genoa, was a gala day, with a large attendance of the householders and other visitors from Massillon and Canton. There was a dinner with tables loaded, to which at least 150 people sat down. After dinner there was singing, declaim-

ing and literary exercises. The closing address by the teacher was quite affecting. This, no doubt, is the last of Mr. Steward's teaching public school, as he is preparing for the ministry, and making good progress in that direction.

THE COUNTY FINANCES.

A Bonded Indebtedness of \$291,000.

FACTS FOR THE TAXPAYERS.

The Total Receipts of the County Fund were \$100,000—Drafts and Overdrafts—Some of the Funds in Good and Others in Bad Condition.

CANTON, March 23.—The county commissioner have completed and filed their report for the year ending August 31, 1894. The total bonded indebtedness of the county is \$291,000; \$125,000 of this represents the coat house bonds. The total amount of receipts and expenditures for the year ending September 1, 1894, are set down as follows: The balance on hand, September 1, 1893 was \$42,522.55. The expenditures for the year ending Sept. 1, 1894, from different county funds amounted to \$90,254.21; total receipts were \$100,900.97. The amount of overdraft Sept. 1, 1893, was \$8,192.40; the total expenditures, \$90,254.12.

September 1, 1894, there was a balance of \$2,154.37, in the county fund. The poor fund expenditures amounted to \$32,297.65; the receipts were \$35,006.55; balance \$2,708.90.

Expenditures from the bridge fund, \$37,512.00; receipts, \$33,923.77; balance \$1,590.17.

Workhouse fund: Expenditures, \$27,206.49; balance on hand Sept. 1, 1893, \$17,023.42; overdraft, \$10,183.07.

Children's Home fund: Expenditures, \$9,417.75; receipts, \$9,993.14; balance, \$575.39.

Interest and debt fund: Expenditures, \$8,451.35; receipts, \$21,708.70; balance, \$13,257.35.

Ditch fund: Expenditures, \$2,771.91; receipts, \$2,771.91; overdraft, \$927.52.

Election fund: Expenditures, \$5,550.00; receipts, \$8,300.50; balance \$2,750.50.

Soldiers' relief fund: Receipts, \$14,121.80; expenditures, \$9,973.43; balance, \$4,148.37.

Amount received from examination fees, \$1,991.18; expenditures, \$983.00; balance, \$1,008.18.

Shop fund: Receipts, \$6,313.83; expenditures, \$1,780.91; balance, \$4,532.92.

Warren Michener, executor of Catherine Hershey, has sued George Hoover to recover payment of a promissory note which, with interest, amounts to \$447.

DOWN COME THE RATES.

Superintendent Lloyd, of the Central Union (Bell) Telephone Company, has been to town, and the result is that in anticipation of the inauguration of the rival service a cut in prices has been authorized. Hereafter the rates have been 84¢ per year for business houses within half a mile of the exchange, and 86¢ for residences within the same radius. Under the revised schedule the half mile limit is abolished and made one mile, and the prices have been cut to 83¢ and 80¢ for business and residence purposes, respectively.

The former rate for telephones outside of the half mile limit and within a mile, was \$60 for business and \$42 for private purposes.

The Central Union Company has offered what is in effect a cut-rate by making terms when two or more instruments are connected by the same wire. When there are two instruments the rate is \$30 and \$24 for business and private uses, respectively. When there are four on the line the rate for each is \$24 and \$18.

Metallic circuit long distance instruments may now be had for \$30 for business and \$42 for private purposes, within a mile limit. Hereafter the rate has been \$75 and \$62 within the half mile limit, or \$90 and \$60 within a mile limit.

THROWN FROM HIS WAGON.

Ulysses Chatlain May Not Recover from His Injuries.

Ulysses Chatlain, a farmer residing near West Lebanon, drove to this city Monday morning on business. He entered the city on Tremont street, and was about to cross the C. & W. railroad when his horse became frightened at a passing train, and swerving about jarred Mr. Chatlain from the buggy. He still kept his hold on the lines, and was dragged some distance before getting the animal under control. In being dragged over the ground his forehead came in contact with some hard substance producing two large contusions, one on the forehead, and another under the eye. His nose was severely bruised, and lacerated, and one of the large arteries was ruptured. In addition to these injuries Mr. Chatlain was very weak from loss of blood. His prospects for recovery are somewhat doubtful, owing to his advanced age. Mr. Chatlain driving his horse to the blacksmith shop of Robert Lonsdale, and from there went to Dr. Jones's office, in West Main street, where his injuries were dressed. He arrived there in a very weak state. Mr. Chatlain is 65 years of age, and has a wife and nine children residing near West Lebanon.

Mr. Floto's Farewell.

WEST LEBANON, March 23.—The Rev. C. F. Floto, pastor of the Lutheran church of this place, preaches his farewell sermon tomorrow. Mr. Floto has been in charge of this church for several years, and it is with great regret that his many friends will hear of his leaving. His new charge is at Buffalo, O.

The coal drillers here are still idle and will likely remain so. Some people think that the operators are waiting until the weather opens, others are of the opinion that the coal magnates are tired of probing local land in search of coal, and consider the stories of rich finds which have been circulated by them as being only fairy tales.

Now is the time to subscribe.



FARM FIELD AND GARDEN.

PREPARE FOR DROUGHT.

By Arranging For Irrigation at a Critical Stage In the Crop's Growth.

Some of the experiment stations are giving considerable attention to studies regarding the amounts of water required by different crops for perfect development, as well as the best time and methods of applying it. It would be well to consider also the economy of water storage and irrigation on a small scale, as suggested by The Experiment Station Record. The Record very truly says:

A deficiency of rainfall during a comparatively short period at a critical stage of the growth of a crop—as, for instance, at the time of formation of seed—may result in serious reduction in yield and quality of crop or in total failure.

The most reliable safeguard against such a result is irrigation in some form. There is reason to believe that the systems of irrigation now so extensively and successfully practiced in the arid and semiarid regions may be employed in modified form and on a smaller scale with marked advantage on at least the more valuable farm lands of the humid regions of the United States.

In such regions there is usually little trouble in securing all the water needed for purposes of irrigation. By impounding the small streams and utilizing the springs which occur on almost every farm sufficient water might be stored at small expense to carry the crops safely over the one or two "dry spells" which are likely to occur during the growing season. The construction of extensive reservoirs and canals of course could not wisely be undertaken, but on a great many farms the topographical conditions are such that the small streams might be collected in reservoirs from which the water might be distributed by means of open ditches over a large area of the farm, or a portion of the flow of larger streams might be diverted and distributed by the same means in time of need. In fact, this kind of irrigation, especially in meadows, is already practiced to a limited extent in the eastern United States.

Such a system intelligently practiced would very largely eliminate the element of chance in farming operations and reduce the culture of the soil more nearly to a science. Besides affording greater security, it would permit of intensive cultivation and the widest diversification of crops. The latter is a matter of highest importance in those regions which are at present confined to the production of one or two staple crops, such as cotton, corn or wheat. Under this one crop system failure of the crop is a much more serious matter than under a system in which a variety of crops is grown.

What Ears For Seed Corn?

Rural New Yorker says: "For 20 years we have carefully selected seed corn. For 20 years we have selected the Chester County Mammoth Yellow-dent. The Flint was always selected with a view of increasing the length of the ear; the Mammoth with a view of raising two or more ears to a stalk. We succeeded in both cases. But the two ears of the Mammoth give no more weight of grain than the one ear that the original variety was prone to give."

"So, too, for many years we selected ears of the so called Blount's Prolific in the hope of obtaining a variety that would give more ears to a stalk. We selected seed only from plants giving five ears or more. We are not sure that anything has been gained by this selection. The lower ears are always small or imperfect. We have raised plants bearing ten ears to a single stalk, but many of the lower ears were mere nubbins. Many assume that if we select the best lower ears we may thus produce a strain that bears its ears lower upon the stalk, and we incline to this opinion. One thing is certain, however—that the very best ears are the highest, not the lowest."

Spring in the Apiary.

A Massachusetts beekeeper very truly says in The New England Homestead that not one colony in a hundred will manage to hold their own the first three or four weeks after beginning to gather pollen. It takes 21 days from the time the egg is laid to rear a bee. During this time the colony is under a severe strain of labor to prepare the food for the larvæ and to keep up the necessary heat in the hive. This wears out the bees rapidly, and the skilled apiarist thinks himself lucky if his colonies contain as many bees one month after the queen commences to lay in spring as they did at the beginning. The only chance whatever for a colony to become stronger the first of the pollen season is when they have been wintered in a warm cellar and were rearing broods for two months before they were placed on the summer stands. This gives a large force of young bees, which do not suffer from spring dwindling—only another name for death from old age.

New, Early and Profitable Peas.

The editor of The Rural New Yorker reports that the new early pea, Exonian, was tried at The Rural grounds last season. Planted April 19, the first picking was June 18. The Exonian excels in bearing uniformly well filled pods which average 2 inches long, filled with about five large wrinkled seeds. The vines grow about 2 feet high. But the Exonian is no better than the new Station, which is just as early and perhaps more prolific. There is no sweeter pea than the Paragon. The Admiral (vines 3 feet) is an extremely prolific intermediate. The pods are small, but well filled with from six to nine seeds.

It is claimed for the Long Island Beauty muskmelon that it is the earliest of all. The melons are nearly round, the lobes not deep, heavily netted.

HOME MIXED FERTILIZERS.

Helpful Hints Gleaned From a Paper Read Before a New York Society.

At the annual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural society Dr. G. C. Caldwell of Cornell university presented a paper on home mixed fertilizers. In this paper he first made some explanations concerning commercial fertilizers with a view not only to assisting purchasers to buy intelligently, but to compare with home mixtures. He said:

Twenty pounds is the unit of measure in a ton, or 1 pound to 100. If a fertilizer has 5 per cent of potash, that means that there are 100 pounds of potash in a ton. At present market prices for the chemicals used in fertilizers \$1 is enough to pay for a unit (20 pounds) of potash, \$1.20 is enough to pay for a unit of phosphorus and \$3.50 for a unit of nitrogen.

Suppose a fertilizer contained 1 1/2 per cent of potash. This would make the value of potash in a ton \$1.50. Eight per cent of phosphoric acid multiplied by the unit of that value of that article would make \$10.40 as the worth of phosphorus in a ton containing 8 per cent in the published analysis. If it contained 2 per cent of nitrogen, this would make \$7 more, or a total of \$18.90. A fertilizer of this analysis was upon the market at \$23 per ton. In another brand analyzed there were 8 per cent nitrogen, worth \$10.50; 10 per cent phosphoric acid, worth \$13, and 10 per cent of potash, worth \$10, the total worth being \$33.50. This was sold at \$32 per ton, or \$1.50 less than the market value of the ingredients. In the first example the purchase price was \$9 more than the cost of the ingredients. The state chemist analyzes all fertilizers sold in the state, and this analysis is on every package that is lawfully sold.

Buy in the market the plant food you want, mix in the barn in the leisure of winter, and by comparing it with the certified analysis of brands in the market, estimate upon the per cent they contain, you can tell what you have to pay manufacturers for the simple work of mixing. For your nitrogen you can buy nitrate of soda or high grade sulphate of ammonia, high grade superphosphate for your phosphoric acid, and muriate or sulphate of potash for your potash.

The New Jersey experiment station analyzed 700 tons of various fertilizers and found that consumers were paying on an average nearly \$20 per ton more than the materials were worth. As to whether the farmers can mix the manures as well as the manufacturers, Dr. Caldwell said a good many comparisons were made, and in all cases those mixed by farmers were as well mixed as those purchased already mixed. He advised experiments with various different mixtures, and when the right sort had been ascertained then adhere to it.

Fertilizers should be used in large enough quantities to make sure whether they were of any value or not. They should be used at the rate of 400 or 500 pounds per acre. Dr. Caldwell said nitrate of soda should only be used on growing crops and early in the season, when there was plenty of moisture. Dried blood and bone meal might be used where there was no vegetation.

A Discussion on Crimson Clover.

Crimson clover was one of many subjects discussed at the annual meeting of western New York horticulturists. Professor Bailey told that it had been tested three years in New York and had not been killed on well drained soil. Professor Waite considered it a southern crop and not adapted to latitudes as far north as New York. It was killed once at Washington. Mr. Willard considered the latitude of Washington more trying than that in western New York, as in the latter region snow protected vegetation nearly all winter. Florida suffered more from frosts than did western New York. Mr. Woodward said the crimson clover was a rapid grower and could be sown in September and plowed under in the spring. It would conserve considerable ammonia that would otherwise be lost on bare potato and other stubbles or cultivated orchards.

Black Minorcas.

This breed of poultry is rapidly growing in favor in this progressive age of poultry culture as their good qualities are better known. They are of Spanish origin, but have been bred for many years in England. They are the largest nonsetting breed in existence and excel as egg producers, both in number and size of the eggs. They combine two points that render them specially desirable—viz, utility and beauty. They have large single combs, red face with pure white ear lobes, lustrous black plumage and are proud and majestic. The American standard weight for Black Minorca cocks is 8 pounds and for hens 6 1/2 pounds. They are very hardy, mature early, pullets begin to lay when 5 months old and continue through the winter. Their ability to fill the egg basket is recognized not only by the fancier, but by the practical farmer.

Odd Mention.

The New York state fair will be held this year during the week beginning Aug. 26.

The New England Homestead says: There will be a decrease in the New England acreage this year not because growers have agreed to plant less, but because so many are forced to plant less. That decrease, be it large or small, will have very little effect on prices, because the foreign supply of wrappers can be drawn upon to any extent needed to fill the deficiency.

Editor Carman of The Rural New Yorker reports the Pink Plum celery tried on his grounds last season to be of better flavor than the White Plum.

As a rule, manures rich in potash are always acceptable to the grasses, and since corn belongs to the grass family good results may be looked for from an application of potash in any form, according to Country Gentleman.

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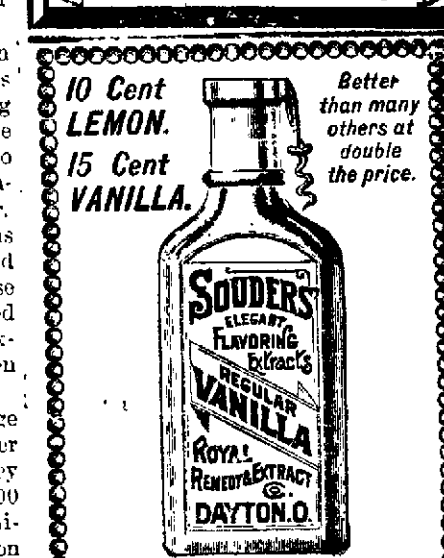
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